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Juvenile Instructor

VOL. 58



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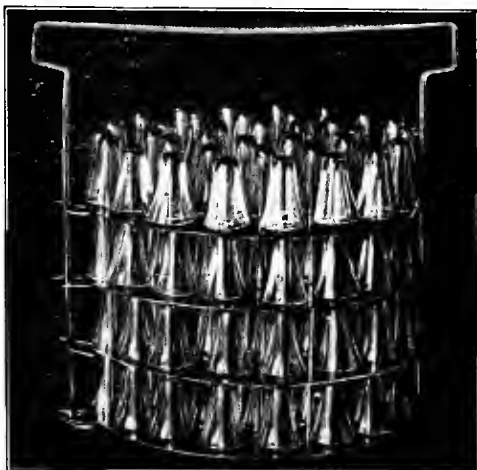
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.....Thursday, January 11th
All Schools Night
.....Friday, January 12th
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By "*Mormona*"

Dainty fairy lights a dancing,
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Makes them sparkle, flash, and glitter—
Summer tints for winter fun!

Even in the shadows hiding
Under the white-gray bush and tree!
Only for the bright eyes biding
That are eager-keen to see!

Sparkling, beaming, silent, gleaming—
Frost, icicles, snow—above!
Star-shine making for the dreaming
Hearts, that youth and fairies love!



LIMHI AND RACHEL

J. A. Bywater

"If the sins of my father and grandfather, in bringing the people to this state could descend upon my head alone I could endure it; but it drives me mad that I am their king and can do nothing to help them." ("The Brother of Helam," page 9.)



Vol. 58

JANUARY, 1923

No. 1

Personal Preparation of a Sunday School Teacher

By Milton Bennion

In the personal preparation of a Sunday School teacher there are three very necessary qualities to be attained:

First, the necessary spiritual quality. This includes faith in God and faithfulness to the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The skeptic, the cynic, the pessimist, and the grouch have no place in the class room. Any person who has any of these qualities ought to begin at once to get rid of them as a first requirement in preparation for teaching. On the contrary, the teacher must have the utmost faith in God and the ultimate triumph of righteousness in the earth. He must have sympathy with his fellow men, and faith in his fellow men. He must be able to see the best in them and to have power and skill to develop the best, until it shall overcome whatever of evil may be there. The quality of cheerfulness must also be cultivated, because that forms a bond of sympathy between teacher and pupil. In this connection it is, of course, necessary, too, that the teacher shall live fully the principles which he teaches. This is necessary in order that he may retain the respect and confidence of pupils; without this, it is impossible to accomplish the task he has to perform.

The second quality is that of *sympathetic understanding of those to be taught*. We cannot succeed in teach-

ing by simply knowing the thing we are going to try to teach. We must know the persons to be taught, learn all we can about them, through the study of books or the investigations of specialists in various lines; but we can never succeed if we stop there. We must ourselves make first-hand study of human nature, and especially of the nature of children and young people. We must associate with them, have sympathy with them, try to get their point of view, how they understand things and what will appeal to them, and through this sympathetic understanding, find ways of influencing them.

We must lead young people not only to understand the truth, but to love it. Mere understanding alone will not accomplish the results. They must have their hearts drawn to it, so that it will influence their actions and mold their lives.

And, of course, we must stimulate faith. That is one of the most important purposes of all our Church organizations engaged in teaching: to develop faith in God and faith in the Gospel, and a living, active testimony backing this faith.

A third quality is that of *understanding the subject we are to teach*—a thing which is sometimes put foremost in our minds. It is, of course,

absolutely necessary, but I place it in point of importance third. When we have a lesson to prepare, we must be able to grasp the principles involved; when we set out to teach we must know what principles we are going to teach, then organize all our material about those principles to make them clear and to reinforce them. We must also devise ways and means of developing in young people a disposition to apply the principles taught, because that is our main objective.

Now these three qualities are each

so necessary that no teaching can be fully successful without all three of them; they are not to be considered separately, either; they work together. The attainment of any one of these qualities helps in attainment of any of the others.

It is a persistent devotion to teaching, a willingness and a desire to teach, a desire to help others, to make them better, that leads the way by which we shall acquire the first two qualities above referred to.

What Shall We Do for Our Children?

SOMETHING SPECIFIC, WITHOUT A NAME, BUT NOT WITHOUT AN AIM

By S. C. Richardson

IV

"I won't have my boy imposed on," I believe to be one of the serious handicaps to Americanism.

It tends to keep the laddie on his nerve to resent anything that doesn't agree with his feelings, and produces the bully, and the oppressor.

Some time ago, a fond father called his little sons out for a "rough-and-tumble" and coached now this one now that how to get the advantage, to train them to "take their own part," all to show me how he was fitting them for life. What I saw in that, as compared to the beauties of nature, education, progress, and bringing the necessities of life from our surroundings, affected me so painfully that I walked away sorrowing for him.

How different were my feelings in another place where I was doing some work on a roof! After hearing children's voices below me for a long time, I looked down and saw a girl between six and eight playing Sunday-School. She was teacher and to a class of four or five smaller ones was giving a real lesson.

The little story and questions

would have done credit to many of our older class teachers.

In the same little town, I went for a business call to a home. I was met at the door by a little girl not eight years old.

"Oh, it's Brother R! Come in. Papa and mama are over to — Take the rocking chair. They'll soon be back." And she sat down in a chair near, asked me about my little folks; told me how fretful their baby was. It troubled mama so! Thought it was her teeth, etc.

With but two or three questions on my part, she told of their garden, scarcity of water, closing of school, such a good Sunday School and Primary, what they were doing; and for nearly half an hour the glib little tongue ran on, making it really interesting.

At last she said, "They must be coming now, yes, here they are," but no one could have been more of a lady, nor done all in a nicer way.

I asked a neighbor how it was. He gave a number of reasons: home thoughtfulness, care of feelings of others, have ever been a characteristic

of their home. No back-biting, "And," he said, "that girl has never heard a cross word in their home, never a cuss word."

Can environment make our babes such ladies, such gentlemen?

An old piece of magazine, gave a grand illustration of real mother work. A neighbor ran in for a call, found the mother quietly sewing in the dining room, the floor covered with corn-cobs, and little Johnny busy as his mother, building houses, barns, fields, corrals, in which corn pigs, cows, and horses, were getting fat and doing wonders.

"How can you stand this?" the neighbor asked. "I should go wild."

"I'll show you in a little while," replied the mother, and they went on with their visit.

At last little Johnnie, tired of his play, came for permission to go out doors.

"Yes," said mama, "but first, let's play you were the man going to get his winter's wood up. Get the little

pan wagon, and haul it all to the kitchen."

"Oh, good!" and soon a fine load of cobs was on its way to the wood-box.

"Now if you were going to have a wood-pile would you want it piled all crossed and crooked?"

"No, I'll show you," and soon every cob was piled in a nice straight pile, and again he was ready for out doors.

"Wait," mama said, "can you see anything else on the floor that should not be there?"

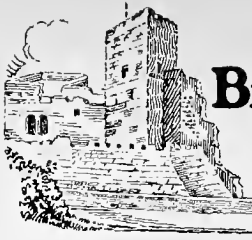
"Yes, mama," and with broom and shovel he was busy again, and soon the floor was as clean and neat as if the hired girl had been over it, and Johnnie was out at other play work.

"Now," said the mother, "is my room any worse for what was on the floor? For one hour and a half my boy has been playing under my supervision. Will what he has done have a tendency to make him more careful of floors and home—of coming in with muddy feet, etc. Is he not really better off for it?"



SUNDAY SCHOOL OF BAKERSFIELD, CALIFORNIA

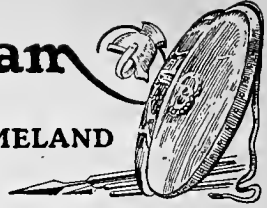
During the past three years this school has grown from a membership of about 30 to more than 100. The Superintendent is Wm. H. Slaughter, formerly of Salt Lake City.



The Brother of Helam

Sequel To
The LURE OF THE HOMELAND

BY "MORMONA"



CHAPTER VII—SINS OF THE FATHERS

"Strange how the city has changed in two years," Giddonah remarked to Limhi's chief captain as the two walked through the streets of Lehi-Nephi on their way toward the forest to hunt. "Do you not miss the idlers that used to be lounging about everywhere?"

"And the children," Gideon replied sadly. "They used to be romping everywhere. But now their mothers keep them within the houses, or work beside them. It is not pleasant for children to be out when one of our dark guards passes."

"Everybody seems to be in a hurry nowadays," the younger man added, "as though there was no time to stop and speak to a friend. Notice what sober colors we all wear, too. All the brilliance and richness of Noah's day seems to be gone."

"Perhaps it is just as well," the captain replied. "I rejoice that the drunkenness is gone with the brilliance. Perhaps some of the wickedness which brought all these troubles upon us has gone, too. If Abinadi could return again, he might not have such good cause to foretell disaster. Do you remember, Giddonah, that he said the death Noah gave to him would come upon the king? Perhaps you did not know that I tried to kill him with the sword. I have since thought that the hand of God stayed me that Abinadi's words might be fulfilled. I thank God, too, now, that I am not guilty of the blood of my king. We were the best of friends once."

"Abinadi foretold our bondage, also," Giddonah added thoughtfully,

"and I recall that he said we should be burdened and driven as dumb beasts unless we repented. Perhaps the doom foretold by the prophet will not be quite so great as it seemed when he was being burned. That part at least, has not been added to our trials."

They were leaving the main streets now, and coming out into the agricultural portions of the land. Insolent Lamanite guards strutted about more frequently now, but something in the soldierly bearing of Gideon, or in the haughty pride which Noah's court had taught Giddonah in the presence of one he despised, restrained their enemies from the insults which were becoming all too common among those of lower rank.

Turning a corner where tall trees had hidden the road from them they came suddenly upon a sight which was as yet new to Lehi-Nephi. Approaching them from the forest was a group of men, some white others copper-colored. And the white ones were bending under heavy burdens of wood while their dark-skinned masters strode lazily along with great whips in their hands. The two Nephites stopped short as this sight met their eyes, and suddenly Giddonah went white with anger as one of the Lamanites raised his long whip and struck viciously the Nephite who bent most under his burden and lagged a bit behind his fellows.

Heartsick at this flinging of his words back into his face by fact, Giddonah drew his sword and sprang toward the Lamanite, with murder in his heart. But quick as the young man was, Gideon was not slow, and as Giddonah lifted the sword to strike his victim, his arm was caught by the

iron grip of Gideon and he was stopped and turned half about.

"Not yet, Giddonah, my son," Gideon said quietly, "Would you be murdered as you stand here? One can do nothing. We must resist as an army, not as individuals."

So quickly did it happen that the Lamanites scarcely realized what Giddonah's intention had been, so Gideon's interference succeeded in saving his life.

"Let us go back and talk to Limhi," Giddonah exclaimed, trembling with passion, but striving for self control in response to Gideon's words. "I have no heart for hunting now, at least for hunting anything except Lamanites."

So they turned back and sought their king. It seemed to Giddonah, remembering the changes in the outward aspect of the land, that nothing was more significant than the change in their king. Noah had been fat and white from idleness and luxury. His robes were always brilliant in color and elaborately embroidered with jewels or heavy with precious metals. Limhi was tall and lean and brown. For he never seemed to rest and was often out in the fields and forest. And his costume was scarcely more regal than the uniforms of his soldiers. Noah smiled constantly and laughed easily. Limhi's face had grown into a stern mask. It seemed that only children could make him smile, and Giddonah wondered if he had ever heard a laugh from those straightened lips since his cousin was proclaimed king. The duties of his kingdom had been light as a feather to Noah, but his son seemed never to sleep. Yet where the gay and regal Noah had been a stranger to most of his people and their shouts when he passed were for the glitter of his rich baubles, Limhi was known personally to almost every Nephite in the land, and the sight of his stern face

stirred a glow of love and pride in the heart of every subject.

It was to this stern-faced young king that Gideon and Giddonah came with their tale of Lamanite outrages and their request that they be allowed to gather an army and make a desperate battle for liberty.

Limhi shook his head. "The Lamanites are too well armed and too strong for us," he answered. "I cannot risk the lives of my people in so vain an attempt."

"We conquered when they came against us last time," Giddonah urged.

"And we shall conquer again, when they come upon us," the king answered, "but not when we are the aggressors. It has been ever so in the history of our people."

They urged more arguments and others joined them, but as Limhi was still unmoved Gideon dared to say with a sneer, "Until this day, O, King, I have thought of you as the grandson of Zeniff. From now on, I think I shall consider you the son of Noah—of Noah the coward."

Limhi whirled toward him and his sinewy hand grasped the hilt of his sword and half drew it from the scabbard, while his eyes flashed angrily. Gideon remained unmoved and smiled calmly while his arms remained folded insolently upon his breast. But Limhi thrust the sword back into the scabbard and flung his hand down to his side, though he trembled with the effort to control himself. And the breathless courtiers dared to inhale again.

"I am the grandson of Zeniff," he replied slowly, "and I am the son of Noah whom you have rightly dared to call—to call a coward. But my circumstances are not the same as those of either father or grandfather. However, since it seems the cry of the majority of the people, I withdraw my objections. We will try for freedom."

And the next morning when he spoke to the army, none of the sol-

diers dreamed that there had ever been any hesitancy in his decision to fight, so fierce and full of confidence were his words. So the Nephites went out against the Lamanites, and as Limhi had said, when the Nephites were the aggressors they failed, so it was.

Beaten, defeated, slaughtered by the hundreds, they were forced to yield to their foes and count their dead, more deeply in bondage than before. For now the guards were multiplied in numbers and more insolent than ever in their slender authority. Lamanites entered the homes of Nephites demanding food and service. They burdened and beat and drove their white bondmen with a thousand times greater cruelty than before. And instead of the somberness that had reigned before, open lamentation was heard now in the streets for the death of those who had been killed in battle.

Bitter as had been their bondage, this slavery became more and more intolerable. And soon the complaints and pleading of his people, enhanced by the fiery courage of the younger men, again forced Limhi to yield and let his army out.

But this time as before, the Nephites were defeated, the Lamanites became more horribly cruel, and the tortured people began to envy the lot of the slain.

One night Giddonah, unable to sleep for thoughts of the bright past and the dreary present, with no ray of hope for the future, went out into the half neglected gardens of the palace to seek relief in the cool night air.

He was attracted by sobbing, and following the sound came upon Onidah. Dropping to his knees beside her and laying his arm across her shoulders with the familiarity of a brother, Giddonah whispered, "Have you some particular grief, Onidah, that you indulge thus alone in the darkness, or

do you weep for the sorrows of the people?"

Onidah shook back the soft light hair from her forehead, and replied, "There is grief enough for the people, Giddonah, but I am selfishly grieving tonight for—for Helam."

"Helam!" Giddonah exclaimed in surprise, "You love my brother?"

"Yes, Giddonah, I love your brother. I have always loved him best. It was for his sake that I came back to search for you that night, because he loved you so."

"I am glad you told me this, Onidah," Giddonah said quietly, "for I had half fancied that you cared for me. You have seemed as dear as Velma to me, but your cousin, Ruth—How I wish I could forget her! You are enough like her to remind me constantly of what I have lost. Oh, how I hate myself for the part I played that night—coward, drunkard, traitor—is there anything despicable that I did not do that night? Betrayed my brother, my best friends, to their enemies so that they were driven from their homes, and then like a drunken sot, slept while you remained behind to seek for me, so that you, too, were left behind."

"Ah, but you have redeemed yourself, Giddonah. And you were not wholly to blame. Who could resist the cunning of Amulon? And you were but a boy. I have never seen you taste wine since that night, and father has often said that though he prides himself upon being Limhi's right hand man, you are surely his left."

"I have never touched wine since—but that does not undo the work of the wine I touched that night. And where is my brother Helam? Where is my brother Alma? Where is my sister Velma? Where is the beautiful Ruth?"

"Where, indeed?" Onidah echoed,

"Sometimes I picture them dying of hunger in the forest. But then I remember that they had repented and been baptized. Surely the hand of God is over them. But Giddonah—Ruth cared a great deal for Helam. I used to ask her which she cared for most, and she always said you were more charming, but she wished you were like him. Perhaps they—"

She hesitated and Giddonah did not help her finish the thought. "Let us go in," he said, instead. On their way they heard voices, and, recognizing the tones of Limhi, turned to seek him. He was in a little arbor sitting beside Rachel, and his head was bowed before her. The two stopped, for they saw that he was weeping.

"If only the sins of my father and grandfather in bringing the people to this state could descend upon my head alone," he exclaimed as they listened in surprise to this outburst from the king they had supposed so unfeeling, "I could endure it. But it drives me mad that I am their king and can do nothing to help them."

"You can at least pray," Rachel murmured softly.

"The least child in the kingdom can do that much," Limhi returned. "I should do more than all."

But he dropped to his knees with his head in her lap, and Giddonah and Onidah went quietly away that he should not know they had seen below his hard mask, and read his lacerated heart.

(To be continued.)

Scattering Happiness

By Isabelle Ruby Owen

Dear little brook seems so happy!

It sings as it runs all day.

Violets sweet bloom 'neath our feet

Because the brook passed our way.

Dear children, the day will seem brighter

When you're pleasant at work or at play.

Kind words will make some heart the lighter

And singing they'll go on their way.

True happiness comes from giving—

Though the gift may be but a smile,

'Twill make you feel life is worth living,

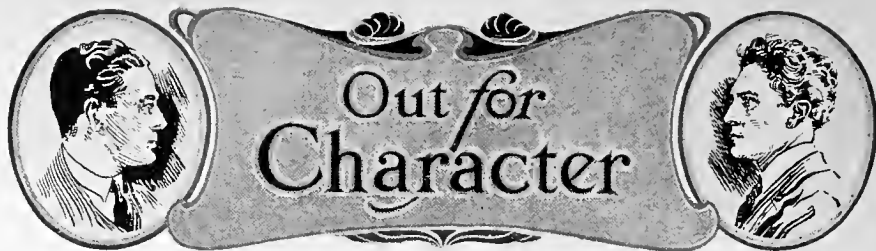
And angels will guard you the while.

Then children, be kind to each other,

Speak gently, each word that you say;

Your song may bring joy to another—

So sing as you run on your way.



SELF MASTERY

By Peter Ainslie, D. D., Baltimore, Md.

The greatest achievement in life is the mastery of one's self. The building of a railroad, the amassing of a fortune, the writing of a book, the attaining to prominence in statesmanship, philosophy, or science—none of these things are to be compared to the mastery of one's self. In this field one is dealing with his will, and here all character is finally determined.

Influences come from without, but decisions come from within. "You must," may or may not make a character, depending upon how one receives the order; but "I will" coming from within is the authority that determines things. The will is not for self-assertion; it is for self-mastery. The former is its abuse; the latter its service. The sacredness of this self-mastery must be laid upon the heart in prayer so tactfully that he who arises from his knees in prayer will be able to say, "I can" and "I will." It is the desire of all, but it is attained by few.

Perhaps the reason for this is that the training of the will is neglected or

abused or improperly trained, but wherever lies the defect it is reflected throughout life. In spite of the defect it is a common hunger of the soul to stand in the place of self-mastery.

In the lives of young people no period in life is so critical as what is commonly termed the middle adolescence, when the will is developed. The training of every other part of the being is secondary in that period to the training of the will. It may grow naturally as wild flowers grow, but if it is trained properly it will be like those flowers that are cultivated in the garden, with large leaves and highly developed blossoms. The help in this lies in the atmosphere of prayer and such scientific development as will make possible in the will what has been made possible in prayerful and scientific training of the mind.

Nothing so enriches the satisfaction of life as to look back over the places in life where self-mastery won the day. For such an experience there can never be a regret. It makes faith stronger, the vision wider, and hope radiant with expectancy. This is the task and the possibility of all who try.

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Little Stories of Married Life

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

VIII. THE SPIRIT OF THE NEW YEAR

It was a gray late afternoon of the first Sunday of the New Year. Although a gentle warmth permeated the house from the furnace, Leonard Weston sat moodily by the kitchen range,

for he liked to *see* the fire. Sundays bored him since he had eschewed going to meeting six months before. A series of incidents had so disgruntled him that he said that he didn't want to ever enter the church again.

He had been a teacher in Sunday

School and had had a disagreement with the superintendent, a man set in his ways. The bishop of the ward had refused a recommendation to the Temple to a boy friend of Len's who had broken one of the rules of the Church. The girl had set her heart on being married in the Temple, and her disappointment seemed to throw a cloud over the very beginning of their married life. The last straw with Len was when two Sisters snubbed his mother at a public entertainment. One of them was the wife of a high counselor, the other herself held an office in one of the auxiliary organizations of the Church.

Once, having gone back to work too soon after an illness, weak and trembling, Len's father drank under the false impression that the liquor gave him strength. When he found that the stimulant undermined an already weakened vital organ, he quit. That he won out was due to his own indomitable will and the splendid help that he had from his wife. She eased his burdens and filled him with nourishing food so he did not feel the need of the false prop.

Since then Joe Weston's political opponents had never let it be forgotten. They used his one-time weakness to do him out of every public office he had tried to get since. That his mother should be ostracized for it struck young Weston as an intolerable injustice.

The nineteen year old boy did not have a girl of his own. Neither did he like to philander around with any girls, so he stayed home. He yawned dully.

His father came out to get his rubbers.

"Is mother going to meeting?" asked Len.

"I don't know. She's been lying down since dinner. I wish that you would go. It's the beginning of the New Year."

Len shook his head.

"You know how I feel, father. Bishop Brown could have stretched a point and given Bob that recommendation, instead of causing so much unhappiness."

"Yes, and your friend could have stretched a point and quit his smoking when he knew how Lucille felt about it. It is not our place to judge the Bishop. If he makes mistakes in judgment he is answerable to his higher authorities and the Lord. The Gospel makes men better but it does not make them perfect. All kinds of men carry on the great machinery of the Church."

"Then to see how those women treated mother! Mrs. Wren drew up her thin lips in a 'I am holier than thou' expression and Mrs. Ellis pretended that she didn't know her. Why we were raised with the Ellis children, and I saw *how* they were raised too."

"Your mother doesn't care about those narrow-minded women nor anything they do. What really hurts her heart is you."

"I?"

"Yes your attitude. Your mother's family has always put the Gospel above everything else. It is a fetish with them. The Taylors have made great sacrifices for the Church—family, position, means, martyrdom. It has cost them heavily and is indescribably dear to their hearts. I wish that I could make you see that the glorious Gospel is above the mean acts of men. To have her son voluntarily cut himself off from its benefits worries her."

"Does mother really feel that way about it?"

"She feels worse over that than anything I know of."

"Well we can remedy that."

He went into the living room and switched on the lights. His mother lay prone on the couch.

"Going to meeting, mother?"

"I don't feel very well. Ate too heavy a dinner I suppose."

"Because I thought if you were, I'd like to go with you."

"Oh," she sat up gladly, "If you

would take me, Leonard, I would love to go."

"You know we ought to start the New Year right," he explained soberly.

Scatter the Smiles Between

Bertha A. Kleinman

The dust is banished from sill and stair,
And the panes gleam diamond bright.
O the day has teemed with its toil and wear,
That my work shall be done by night;
But today a neighbor passed my gate,
With burden she could confide,
With a hunger my cheer could dissipate,
And I turned to the tasks inside.

The linen is folded and row on row
Lies snowy and smooth and pressed,
And the stitches, nine times nine, I sew,
Have kept me late from my rest;
And in the dark the shadows jeer,
And I cry o'er a simple quest—
A Buddy who languished perchance for cheer,
Has passed through the gates out west.

The playthings are gathered, the blocks and books,
In pitiful order they—
For I have scolded, and frowning looks
Have shattered the bliss of play;
And I lay me down with a throbbing head,
Too tired withal to sleep,
With a vain regret at the love unsaid,
When the grind of the day would keep.

O days with their hours too fleet, too few,
That pass like a fretted span,
That leave me blue that the things I do
Are never half my plan!
O days whose duty a thousand strong,
Would hallow the long routine,
If I but temper the stress with song,
And scatter the smiles between!



EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

PRESIDENT HEBER J. GRANT, Editor

GEORGE D. PYPER, Associate Editor

ALBERT HAMER REISER, Business Manager

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over its accomplishments. Each year the objective has been reached.

From the day of its founding by George Q. Cannon, with the avowed purpose of aiding in the work of training the children in the principles of the Gospel and preparing them for the sacred duties and obligations of life, until the present time, the high moral standard of this magazine has never been lowered, its aim has never been changed.

With the marvelous growth of the Sunday School work and the progress in the efficiency of its teachers comes the realization of an increased responsibility on the part of the Juvenile to measure up to the advanced position of the great army of nearly twenty-five thousand Sunday School leaders. The loyal support of this mighty band of self-sacrificing men and women has made it possible to achieve the success so far attained. That it may continue to be a necessary factor in helping to instill into the hearts of the children of the Latter-day Saints a testimony of the Gospel is the uppermost thought of the Juvenile Instructor for the year 1923.

SALT LAKE CITY, JANUARY, 1923

The New Year

In entering upon its fifty-eighth year the Juvenile Instructor has a full sense of the great responsibility attached to it as the official medium for helping and inspiring Sunday School teachers and in sending its message of uplift and good-cheer into Latter-day Saint homes. For fifty-seven years it has been endeavoring to do this, and in examining that number of volumes bound and placed upon the library shelves, it confesses a feeling of satisfaction

Contentment

I'm glad the future's closely veiled,
That joys and sorrows hidden lie;
Nor would I have revealed to me
The mystery of sun and sky.

I'm quite content with each today,
Though filled with work as it may be;
Earth's beauties glorify the way
And make the present fair to me.

The Lord has graciously ordained
That Hope shall stir the human breast;
Thus will I humbly live each day
And safely leave with Him the rest.

—Charlie Y. Frazier.



SIGNS of the TIMES



By J.M. Sjodahl

A CRISIS NEAR

Some of those who have been following most closely the development on the political stage of the world are of the opinion that a crisis is to be looked for during the new year. There are many questions that must be settled, and settled right, before normal conditions can be expected. The Turkish question is one of them. At present the situation on the Balkans is like a threatening cloud on the eastern horizon. The controversy between France and Germany concerning the war indemnity must be settled and economic conditions stabilized. Then there is Russia to be reckoned with. That country, though dominated by the very lowest type of usurpers, cannot be ignored much longer. With all these, and other questions before us, the wisest and most far-seeing are anxiously asking, What will the new year bring?

The outlook, from a mere worldly point of view, may not be the brightest. But the time is, without doubt, drawing near for the consummation of all things in accordance with the plans and purposes of the Almighty, and we can discover His hand even in the chaos and confusion that exist.

Michael, the mighty, is contending
With the force that in the world holds sway,
And the Prince of Peace, His throne ascending,
Ushers in the great Millennial day.

THE MISSION OF CLEMENCEAU

Our country has just been visited by the eminent French statesman, M. Georges Clemenceau, who was at the head of the French government during the World War. He came with the special mission of bringing the United States and France closer together, if

possible, in cooperation for the solution of world problems.

While here, he told us that we, as a nation, had failed to keep the agreements entered into at Versailles regarding the future safety of France, and that his country, consequently, had been under the necessity of keeping her fighting force, in case it should be needed for self-defense.

There is some truth in this, humiliating though it may be to admit it; but it is also true that France, by her unbending attitude towards Germany in the matter of the war indemnity, and by her support of the murdering Turkish hordes in their latest descent upon Europe, has, apparently, furnished a justification for the post-war attitude of the United States. France and Great Britain have parted, each pursuing its own course. The United States could properly co-operate with nations united in the interest of humanity, but it can not consistently associate itself with one friendly nation *against* another. That was the very kind of alliances against which George Washington, in his Farewell Address, warned his fellow countrymen.

TURKISH DEMANDS

Emboldened by their recent successes in Asia Minor, the Turks are defiant and threatening. At the Lausanne peace congress they have demanded full sovereignty over Constantinople and the Dardanelles; also the abolition of special privileges of foreigners in Turkey. That would make the latter subject to Turkish courts, and laws founded on the Koran. They threaten to drive every Greek out of Constantinople, and to place every school, including the American, under Turkish supervision.

CHURCH AND STATE SEPARATED

A remarkable change in the spiritual leadership of Islam took place when, on Nov. 18, Abdul Medjid Effendi was elected caliph. The sultan, having been deposed by the Angora government and having abandoned Constantinople, made the appointment necessary, but the new caliph was clothed only with ecclesiastical power. All political power and authority were retained by the so-called assembly. This is regarded as something new in the world of Islam. It is, as we should express it, a complete separation between the "church and state" in that country.

THE CALIPH

The caliph in the Mohammedan world is, or claims to be, the successor of Mohammed, the Arabian prophet. The Turkish sultans have been recognized as such by virtue of their descent from Mohammed through the line of Abu-bekr, Oman, and Othman, the first three successors.

There is, however, another line of succession, from Ali, the fourth caliph after Mohammed. This Ali was a son of the Prophet's uncle, Abu-taleb, but the prophet adopted him and gave him his daughter Fatima for wife. Ali claimed the right of succession soon after the death of the prophet, but was bitterly opposed, even by Ayesha, the widow of Mohammed, and it was not until three successors died that he attained the coveted position. Even then a rebellion was instigated against him, and he had to fight a caliph who had gathered followers around him in Syria. The Mohammedans in Persia are, chiefly, the followers of Ali. They are known as Shiites, while the other sect of which the Turks are the chief representatives, is known as Sunites.

The principal duties of the caliph are: To begin the prayer in the chief mosque, every Friday, which is the Mohammedan Sabbath; to lead the pil-

grims on their way to Mecca, and to march at the head of the armies when battling for the faith.

EARTHQUAKES

A severe earthquake followed by a tidal wave, was reported from Chile, Nov. 11. The area affected covered the provinces of Antofagasta, Atacama, and Coquimbo, extending along the coast line a distance of 1,200 miles. The first reports stated that over a thousand lives had been lost, while the loss of property was estimated at many millions. The seaports were flooded, and many vessels were hurled upon the rocks by the tidal wave.

One scientific explanation of the disturbance is that the bottom of the Pacific, or rather a piece of it as large as one of our smaller states, suddenly dropped perhaps hundreds of feet, whereupon the water rushed into the cavity, to restore the level. Meeting in this vast cauldron, the currents piled the water up in a ridge or mound, and this water necessarily fell back and rolled away in every direction. The waves that struck the coast were then felt as "tidal" waves.

The catastrophe, it seems to me, has a double interest to the Latter-day Saints. In the first place, it occurred in the very locality where, as students of the book of Mormon generally understand it, Lehi landed, the city of Coquimbo being situated about thirty degrees south.* In the second place, earthquakes remind us that we are living in the very time predicted through the prophet Joseph Smith, Doc. and Cov. 88:87-92:

*"The course traveled by Lehi and his people has been revealed with some detail. The Prophet Joseph Smith states: 'They traveled nearly a south-southeasterly direction, and landed on the continent of South America, in Chile, thirty degrees south latitude.'" This is from Elder Reynolds' "The Story of the Book of Mormon" p. 328. Some Book of Mormon scholars, however, have taken a different view.

"For not many days hence and the earth shall tremble and reel to and fro as a drunken man, and the sun shall hide his face * * * For after your testimony cometh the testimony of the earthquakes, that shall cause groanings in the midst of her, and men shall fall upon the ground and shall not be able to stand. And also cometh the testimony of the voice of thunderings, and the voice of lightnings, and the voice of tempests, and the voice of the waves of the sea heaving beyond its bounds. * * * And angels shall fly through the midst of heaven, crying with a loud voice, sounding the trump of God, saying, Prepare ye, prepare ye, O inhabitants of the earth; for the judgment of our God is come: Behold and lo! the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him."

The people in the world may not comprehend the portent of this kind

of testimony. They tell us that earthquakes have always occurred. And this is quite true. But in ages past mankind has not been aware of the occurrence of earth tremors, except when very disastrous. Now instruments register the slightest seismic disturbances, and telegraphers spread the news in every direction. Thus the voice of the earth-throbs is heard all over the world as never before. Through the seismograph and the newspapers it has become a testimony to all the world whether its message is understood or not. But we should understand it. To us it means: "Behold and lo! the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him."



SUNDAY SCHOOL OF PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

J. H. Rackstraw, Presiding Elder; Thomas Duke, Superintendent

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK

Superintendents' Department

General Superintendency, David O. McKay, Stephen L. Richards and Geo. D. Pyper

Prelude

Andante. Met. ♩ = 63.

TRACY Y. CANNON.



SACRAMENT GEM FOR MARCH, 1923

In memory of the broken flesh
We eat the broken bread;
And witness with the cup, afresh,
Our faith in Christ, our Head.

Postlude



Note: Instructions on playing this Prelude and Postlude are given in the Choristers and Organists' Department.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR MARCH, 1923

(Acts Chapter 4, Verse 12)

"Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

First Sunday, March 4, 1923

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that Jesus Christ is the Savior of the World.

Aim: Jesus Christ becomes the Savior by conquering death and by giving immortality and the offer of eternal life to man.

Lesson Statement:

Jesus Christ became the Savior of the world through two things that He accomplished: The first was the breaking of the bonds of death. "For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam all die even so in Christ shall all be made alive." I Cor. 15:21, 22. The spirit of man has always been immortal. The earthly body is mortal. Its being subject to suffering as well as the temptations of the flesh forever, would be man's greatest calamity. Christ as Creator has power over death. He says, "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it up again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it up again." John 10:17-18. I believe Jesus is the Savior of the world because I believe that He did lay His body down and did rise again on the third day. When the glorified Redeemer appeared to John the Revelator, John said: "And when I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead, And He laid His right hand on me, saying unto me, * * I am He that liveth and who was dead, and behold, I am alive for evermore." Rev. 21:17-18.

Not only did John see the resurrected Lord, but more than five hundred of His disciples did. Paul sums up the evidences of His resurrection in wonderful fashion. Read it to the class as given in I Cor. 15:1-8. Not only did Jesus appear to the former day Saints, but at least three times to the Prophet Joseph Smith in this day—at the First Vision, in the Kirtland Temple and in the Vision of

the Glories to Joseph and Sidney Rigdon who says, "and now, after the many testimonies which have been given of Him, this is the testimony last of all, which we give of Him, that He lives; for we saw Him, even on the right hand of God, and we heard the voice bearing record that He is the Only Begotten Son of the Father." Doc. and Cov. 76:22, 23.

The fact established that Jesus had power to lay His own body down and power to take it up makes it easy for me to believe that He has power to raise me and all mankind from the dead, thus being in very deed my Savior. Read Rev. 20:12; Doc and Cov. 26; II Nephi 9.

Secondly, I believe Jesus is the Savior of the world because of the perfect plan of salvation which He offers the world. If I believe that He rose from the dead, I surely am in logic bound to accept His view of His mission. He calls Himself the door and the Good Shepherd. (Read John 10:1-21.) "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. * * * I am the door; by me, it any man enter in, he shall be saved." He likewise delights to call Himself the Vine (John 15:1-10); the Light (John 8:12-59); the Living Water (John 4:10-14), all of these figures signifying that "He became the Author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him." (Heb. 5:9.)

Certain promises are made to those who believe in Him and accept His plan. (See Mark 16:17, 18). Thousands upon thousands bear testimony that after having received His plan that the promised signs have followed; the sick have been healed, etc. And lastly to every man that sincerely believes is promised the testimony of the truth of His plan. "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God or whether I speak of myself.)" (John 7:17.) The fulfillment of this promise is the surest knowledge that Jesus is the Savior of the world.

Application: Believing that Jesus is my Savior, I should strive in every possible way to live up to His plan.

Don't feel sorry for yourself; feel sorry for the folks that have to live with you.—Elbert Hubbard.

Do you want to know the man against whom you have most reason to guard yourself? Your looking-glass will give you a very fair likeness of his face.—Whately.

SECRETARIES' DEPARTMENT

Albert Hamer Reiser, General Secretary

REVISE THE ROLLS NOW

After the annual report has been compiled and immediately after the Sunday School classes have been reorganized, following promotions, the secretary faces the task of revising all Sunday School rolls. This task truly calls for the turning over of a new leaf and for starting with a clean slate. For the sake of uniformity and to assure accuracy in our Sunday School statistics, taking into consideration the Church as a whole, it is imperative that all rolls be revised in harmony with certain definite rules.

The most important of these rules is that Sunday School rolls are to be revised but once a year, that is, at the beginning of the year—after the annual report has been made. Two rolls are called into use in the revision of rolls—the active class rolls and the missionary roll. To revise the rolls in substance means simply to transfer from the class rolls to the missionary roll the names of pupils who have been absent excessively, namely, those who have not attended Sunday School, according to the class rolls, for the last six months of the year just closed.

The missionary roll should then contain the names of the unenrolled children in the ward and the name of pupils who have been enrolled during the past year, but who have been so excessively absent. These two classes of children, the unenrolled and the excessively absent, need the most earnest, diligent tactful and kindly attention possible of all Sunday School workers. The missionary roll, containing the names of such children, has been purposely devised to be a systematic and accurate guide for Sunday School workers in their missionary efforts of bringing such children within the influence of the Sunday School. The names of the unenrolled children are to be found on the reports of the takers of the annual Sunday School census.

The class rolls then, after the process of revision is complete, contain the names of those boys and girls only, who, having been enrolled during the year past, have attended during the last six months of the year just closed.

From this explanation it will be seen

that the two rolls involved, the class rolls and the missionary roll must contain the names of every child in the ward between the ages of four and twenty inclusive. The cradle roll will contain the names of all children under four.

As complete a record as this must be kept by the secretary throughout the entire year. So long as the child remains in the ward, his name must be found on one or the other of the Sunday School rolls. If he earns enrollment on a Sunday School class roll, his name must appear on the roll of the class to which he belongs and there it must stay until the next occasion for the revision of rolls, at the beginning of the following year. If he is unenrolled, every effort should be made to have him enroll himself, but until he does earn enrollment, his name should appear on the missionary roll. His name may, of course, be transferred from the missionary roll to a class roll at any time during the year, if he assures the superintendent of his bona fide desire to be enrolled. This desire he can show by regularly attending Sunday School long enough to assure the superintendent of his intention to continue to attend.

Of course the name of a pupil may be removed from any of the Sunday School rolls at any time, if the child dies or moves from the ward.

Some secretaries have been puzzled to know what to do in cases of pupils whose homes remain in the ward, but who temporarily move away to attend school, intending later to return, of course. Some have thought the names should be left on the rolls, and if enrolled, they should be counted as absent, or excused or should be given credit for attendance, if they can bring a record of their attendance at the school of the ward of their temporary residence. Some think the names should be transferred to the missionary roll if they are originally on the class rolls, and their remain until the pupil returns. Others claim that the name should be taken from the rolls altogether to be restored when the pupil returns.

The last view is the correct one. It is arrived at by the application of the rule that the name of the pupil may be removed from any Sunday School roll

at any time if the pupil dies or moves from the ward. When he returns his name should, of course, be restored to one or the other of the rolls, depending upon his return or whether he needs to be labored with by the missionary committee in order to induce him to return. The business-like secretary will not lose sight of these pupils who temporarily move away, but will keep some sort of memorandum in some convenient place, perhaps in one of the roll books, of "Pupils temporarily removed from the ward," with a note opposite each name to the effect that the pupil "will return about....."

The Secretary of the school which such pupils attend temporarily will, of course, enroll them on the class roll when they appear at Sunday School frequently and regularly enough to earn enrollment or upon the missionary roll when they move into the ward, but do not attend Sunday School. And he will remove the names from all rolls when the pupils move away.

This procedure avoids counting a pupil as enrolled in two places, hence avoids counting him twice. This assures accuracy in the grand total enrollment for the Church as a whole.

The general secretary will give immediate attention at any time to all questions submitted relating to this or any other subject involved in Sunday School work.

WHAT DO YOU THINK?

What do you think? Who knows? How can I tell? Your fellowmen cannot tell what you think, except by what you say—and then not always truly—or by what you do (and then more truly). That is why "actions speak louder than words," and why what one does is the best evidence of what one is and what one thinks.

So we are left to manifest ourselves and our thoughts to our fellow men largely by means of actions, conduct, signs and symbols. A handshake is a symbol as is also a kiss, a smile, a frown. The look in one's eyes and the clasp of one's hand speak volumes.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that he will give his life for a friend."

Then some one with great meaning has said that "money talks," that is, money, uttering never a word, nevertheless, speaks eloquently. President Grant has frequently said that the pocket book is the tenderest part of the human anatomy.

These random ideas are designed to bear in upon your mind the idea that men manifest most decisively and convincingly their faith, belief, love and devotion by their giving either their lives or their money. A man's time is his life.

By the payment of one's tithing one manifests his faith in the doctrines of which tithing is one. Those of us who could not serve our country with our time or our lives during the war served with our wealth, such as it was.

But the quantity given is really not so important as the spirit with which it is given. He who gives in proportion to his ability, though he give a million dollars, may not give so truly and sincerely as he who gives beyond his ability and with great sacrifice, though he give but one dollar. Read of the widow's mite in Mark 12:42-44.

This is a part of the great philosophy which underlies the Sunday School "Dime Offering." Sunday School children will sense the significance of the contribution and will respond with eagerness and joy to it, if someone will help them to understand that by giving on this occasion they bestow their love, not with kisses, kind words and affection, but just as surely with their pennies.

New Trails

By Grace Ingles Frost

A stretch of blue o'erhead,
Within the heart, a song,
The sheen of sunlight shed
On untrod way along.

The tramp of eager feet,
Where man has never led,
Winged by their purpose fleet,
Insistent, firm of tread.

Filled with a zeal sublime,
The soul of him who strives;
One with the will divine,
Transcending meagre lives

The blue may change to gray,
But he unheeding sings,
Who finds the untread way
To heights of better things.



CHORISTERS' and ORGANISTS' DEPARTMENT



Edward P. Kimball, Chairman; Tracy Y. Cannon, and P. Melvin Peterson

SONG FOR MARCH

Special Fast Day Song, No. 280; "Jesus the Very Thought of Thee."

Instructions on Playing the Sacrament Gem Music

By Tracy Y. Cannon

Tempo: The tempo should be moderately slow, but with a good feeling of motion. It must not drag. For those organists who have metronomes the correct movement is indicated.

Registration: Use only 8 ft. stops of soft musical quality, or 4 ft. stops played an octave lower than written. Change the tone color for the postlude.

Technic: Both prelude and postlude should be played very legato. The fingering given should be used to obtain smoothness. Tie all notes that are so indicated.

Interpretation: The prelude starts softly, but very gradually increases in volume through the first five chords. In the next two chords, the volume quickly increases, reaching its climax on D in the melody and then gradually dies away until the end. In the postlude which starts softly and increases in tone the volume continues until the first chord in next to the last measure. This whole measure should be played moderately loud and then the volume gradually dies away in the last measure. The postlude is brighter than the prelude, indicating the triumph of Christ over death rather than depicting His suffering. The concluding chords of both prelude and postlude must be held at least their full value or more. There should be a slight but effective pause between the last chord of the prelude and the first line of the gem, and also a similar pause should occur after the conclusion of the gem and the beginning of the postlude. Throughout the whole exercise of the Sacrament Gem there must be no abruptness either in the rendition of the music or the speaking of the words. The spirit of this service breathes peace and harmony.

COURSE FOR ORGANISTS

By Tracy Y. Cannon

Lesson XVI—Selecting Organ Music

The greatest care should be exercised in the selection of organ music to be used for preludes and the Sacrament services. A suitable prelude beautifully played,

will give a spirit of peace and harmony to the whole service. Music capable of breathing the spirit of the Sacrament service must be of the best quality, free from association with anything secular. It need not be difficult to play, or complicated in its structure, but it must be capable of arousing the loftiest emotions.

A piece to be beautiful and well adapted to sacred use may not necessarily have a captivating, outstanding melody. Indeed, much of the finest sacred music gets its beauty from its harmony rather than from its melody. The solidity and color of tone resulting from harmonic combinations may be of such absorbing interest that only a dim outline of melody is heard. One danger of selecting pieces with captivating melodies is that so many of them are now played in picture houses and have thus become associated with thing secular, thereby arousing emotions other than religious.

In selecting music keep the following points in mind:

- a. The occasion.
- b. Instrument—its strong points and its limitations.
- c. Performer's ability.

A true understanding of the spirit of the occasion enables the organist to select music which intensifies the occasion and is in perfect harmony with it.

Some organs have a few stops that are particularly beautiful in certain pieces. On the other hand some pieces call for stops not to be found on many organs. It is always well to consider the kind of instrument the piece is to be played upon.

An organist should never feel satisfied until it is possible to play pieces of considerable difficulty with ease. Until that time comes, however, good judgment dictates that only those pieces that can be mastered should be played in public.

Much good music has been arranged for the reed organs. The collections here given contain a great deal of material that can be used in our services. But the organist must use judgment in the selection of pieces. Each organist knows his own limitations, the kind of an organ he plays and (it is hoped) is in perfect harmony with the particular occasion for which the piece is being selected.

The following collections of organ mu-

sic should be ordered from the Deseret Book Co., 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah, or from local music stores. The prices quoted are only approximately correct:

Forty-three Organ Offertories....	\$.60
Twenty Organ Marches60
The Organist's Helper	1.00
The Organist's Helper No. 2	1.00
The Organist's Helper No. 3	1.00
The Organist's Helper No. 4	1.00

All of these collections are published by Lorenzo Publishing Company.

In addition to these books the following albums published by Schirmer are good:

Reed Organ Album by Frederick Archer
\$1.25.

Gems for the Organ, by Samuel Jackson.

In all of the collections of music here given there is a variety of styles represented, such as preludes, offertories and marches.

The best way to select a volume or two from the list here given would be to have all of them sent on approval, then play over the pieces and keep those books which contain the most suitable selections. If this is not convenient the "Forty-three Organ Offertories" might be purchased. This book would, it is thought, prove quite satisfactory to the majority of organists. It is the intention to analyze twelve of the pieces contained in the "Reed Organ Album" by Archer. This book was recommended at the beginning of this course. Those who have not yet purchased it are advised to do so at once.

This lesson ends the "Courses for Organists" but miscellaneous work for organists such as the analyses just referred to and consideration of the numerous problems that come up from time to time will receive attention in the *Juvenile Instructor* from month to month.

PLANS FOR 1923

In the belief that a definite statement of the whole year's plan will stimulate interest, and produce better results at the end of the year, the following outline is presented to the Sunday School choristers and organists of the Church:

Juvenile Instructor

One song to be analyzed in the *Juvenile* each month for presentation from the

standpoint of four part singing, for both chorister and organist, for:

1. Technic.
2. Word content.
3. Tone quality.
4. Interpretation.

In addition to the above, suggestions and material relative to special occasions will be made in advance of such event.

A new prelude and postlude for the sacrament gem will be given each month and analyzed for interpretation, with the purpose in view of raising the standard of this part of the service. A piece of music selected from a book which has already been recommended and is in quite general use will be analyzed for the organists for technic, registration, and interpretation.

A piece of music, either vocal or instrumental will be published in the *Juvenile* as occasion presents itself.

Suggestions for review of songs already studied will be made from time to time as occasion may require.

Part Singing

Aim: Believing that it is not practical to have an aim for each lesson, the committee has decided to put forward one general aim for the year's work:

Our general aim is the introduction and improvement of part-singing in all the Sunday Schools of the Church for the following reasons:

1. Songs that were originally conceived in parts can be only imperfectly interpreted where all parts are not sung.
2. People, even children, enjoy singing in parts; there is in most people an inherent love of harmony.
3. When part-singing is used there is generally a more universal response, as each voice finds the part to sing best suited to its own peculiarities.
4. An entirely new emotional and inspirational element enters into the singing when proper part-singing is observed, which is never felt where parts are omitted.
5. Psychologically, people are susceptible to the form, solidity and completeness of part-songs when these are sung as they were intended to be sung.
6. The development of choristers and organists, and the universal raising of the standard of singing in the Church, as a result of the training in part-singing received in the Sunday School, will be of inestimable value.

mable value for the whole future of the Church.

SONG ANALYSIS

Deseret Sunday School Song No. 247 "He Died, the Great Redeemer Died"

By Edward P. Kimball

The words of this fine hymn were written by Isaac Watts, one of the foremost hymn writers of the Christian Church. The poetry is noble and tender, such as deserves a dignified musical setting. This has been composed by George Careless, one of the foremost hymn composers of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. The text is well suited either to Easter or as a Sacrament song. It lends itself well to a music setting in four parts, because of the variety of expression, and the composer has caught the spirit of these moods and has clothed the hymn with music of real worth, and beautifully expressive of the text.

The music is interesting to sing because there is fine melody movement in all parts. Rhythmically, there is variety all through and the contrast in rhythm between the first eight and the last four measures and the middle four measures, the soprano and alto duet, is most effective. Likewise the proportion in the alternating sections for four voices and that for two gives a fine feeling of balance. Too, the music is an appropriate setting to each verse, which is not always the case in a setting to a hymn of several verses.

In conveying the content of a song nothing is of greater importance than tone-quality, and in part-singing with large groups this element should receive much attention. This song is particularly well suited to varied quality, and may be made valuable training in tone quality. The outstanding mood is one of reverence, coupled with tenderness and a solemn exaltation. The quality of tone should be round and organ-like; there should be nothing of the blatant or flippant in it. The very first line is full of the spirit which characterized all of Watts' hymns. Someone has said that they are full of stateliness and majesty; solemn, yet glad; ardent, yet grand; that "they lean rather to a reverential faith than a penitential fear." "He died! the great Redeemer died." The tone quality in this line should express reverent consternation, appreciation of the great solemn truth, and

majestic gladness. The quality will naturally change in the third line to awe and forebodings—"A solemn darkness veiled the sky," a covered sinister quality which vocalists call "mezzo-voce," or "half voice," which quality always arrests the attention. At the words, "A sudden trembling shook the ground," a quality of tone must be used which will shake the listener with a realization of the content of the words, and that suddenly, too.

The second verse is full of tenderness, and requires a different quality of tone than that used anywhere in the first verse. In the third verse is a fine opportunity to express tenderness, which rises toward the end, "But lo! what sudden joys were heard," to solemn exaltation. It is not enough to employ a different quality of tone to express this—the quality is even more important. Everything in the last verse is gratitude, joy, and victory, and, while never boisterous the tone quality should be much the same as is used in the first line of the hymn, except with more gladness. A safe rule to follow in determining tone quality in a song is to repeat to oneself the words, trying to use the quality of voice which more truly expresses the meaning of them, and then to attempt to acquire that same quality in the singing voice, because after all singing is but ideal speech.

In the interpretation of the song the points considered above will render much assistance. Probably no element in interpretation is more fundamental than tempo, and care should be taken that a correct, or logical tempo be determined upon. While opinions may differ to some extent, there cannot be a very wide difference of opinion if choristers will study the text, and take consideration of all the conditions that will have to enter in the presentation of the song. It is well to remember that large bodies cannot be moved as easily as smaller ones, and if there is a general fault in our tempo it is that we are inclined to rush them. For the song in question the best tempo is about seventy six quarter notes to the minute. If the chorister can get access to a metronome the weight should be set at 76, and each tick will represent one quarter note. The metronome is the only indisputable means of establishing a tempo, but it is expensive. A substitute in this case can be made by using a piece of thin twine. Tie a small weight on one end, then hold the twine between the first finger and the thumb, six inches from the end,

allowing the weight to dangle from the string. Keep the hand perfectly still and with the other hand start the weight to swinging easily, and it will pass a given point twice for the value of one quarter note. In this way the tempo suggested may be approximated with considerable precision. When once the best tempo has been set in this song, it is well to keep it all the way through, making the expression by the use of dynamics, rather than by changes in speed.

In studying the song for part study it is well to observe that the soprano is the strongest and most easily sung melody and the other parts will be more easily grasped if they are taught in relation to it. In this connection it is a matter of speculation whether much time is not lost and interest killed where parts other than the strongest melody are taken up first to be learned independently of that part.

In this case the soprano is the part from which the others may most easily be taught. The next step might be to take up the next strongest melodic lines. These will not always be found in the same part so that some skipping about will be necessary. For example, the cadence on the last of the first line—"Redeemer died," is strong and interesting in every part. Take each part separately through these notes, beginning with soprano; then bass, as the contrary motion in this part is in fine contrast and it therefore simple to bring home to the basses; the alto and tenor can then be made most interesting, first, because the former is in contrary motion to the soprano and the latter to the bass and, second, because each is an important "fill" in the harmony. This latter idea should be made plain by having the school sing merely the outside parts, and then filling in the others. They will be astonished at the difference in the effect. The same procedure can well be followed in the next line, "And Israel's daughters wept around," as well as in the last line, "A sudden trembling shook the ground." Particularly strong in effect in the last line is the movement of the bass on the words, "A sudden trem—" the rising melody in this part, forming on every chord an inversion, is particularly noble and individual and is bound to be most exhilarating to the

singers. The combination of contrary and parallel motion with the soprano is also very interesting. On the words, "—bling shook the ground," the great importance of the tenor in the harmony should be emphasized by leaving out the part, then by singing it especially on the very last note, and on the next to the last note. There is also a great strength shown in the words, "shook the ground," by the regular movement of the three lower voices against the varied movement of the soprano. The points that will enhance the beauty of this song and add to the interest of those studying it are almost inexhaustible, but enough have been mentioned to show that some such analysis as this must be made by the chorister in his preparation of the song.

The chorister must create ideals, and then lead the way toward the achievement of them.

The organist should read carefully all the suggestions made above and endeavor to apply them to his instrument. Particularly those relating to tone quality can be most helpful to the organist. Changes in registration that will produce the moods called for in the texts are as necessary to his performance as to that of the singer. This will demonstrate the fact that in worship the desirability of the organ over the piano is incomparable. In this particular song the organist must acquire agility and precision in the leading of all parts, and care must be used that in the middle section, the duet for alto and soprano, that only stops of 8 ft. are used. There must positively be none of 16 ft. The organist must seek out ways of assisting the chorister in every attempt to make the song profitable. In particular he should accustom himself to giving his introduction to the song in the proper tempo, which should be agreed upon beforehand.

Note: The foregoing analysis should be the subject for union meeting, and should be discussed by all the choristers and organists as a preparation for the presentation of the song. Choristers will, of course, not attempt any such lengthy analysis before their schools. Their task is not to talk but to get the people to sing. Nothing kills the song practice like a talking chorister.

Selfishness is that detestable vice which no one will forgive in others, and no one is without in himself.—H. W. Beecher.

MISSIONARY SUNDAY SCHOOLS

Committee: Charles B. Felt, Chairman; Harold G. Reynolds, Henry H. Rolapp and Robert L. Judd

WORK FOR MARCH THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

March 4, 1923—Uniform Fast Day Lesson.

March 11, 1923—Chapter 6 of Text.

March 18, 1923—Chapter 7 of Text.

March 25, 1923—Review.

Text: "The Apostles of Jesus Christ" Edward H. Anderson; see Theological department, this issue.

INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT

March 4, 1923—Uniform Fast Day Lesson.

March 11, 1923—Chapter 7 of Text.

March 18, 1923—Chapter 8 of Text.

March 25, 1923—Review.

Text: "A Young Folk's History of the Church," Nephi Anderson; see Second Intermediate department, First Year, this issue.

PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

March 4, 1923—Uniform Fast Day Lesson.

March 11, 1923—Lesson 9. "A Mother's Prayer."

March 18, 1923—Lesson 10. "Rebekah at the Well"

March 25, 1923—Lesson 11. "A Sacred Promise."

See Primary Department, this issue, for detailed outline.

The above departments are suggested only for Mission Sunday Schools where the membership will not permit the conducting of all the departments in the school.

In schools where the membership is sufficiently large it is urged that all the departments be conducted.

Teachers will find the outlines, suggestive helps, etc., under the different departments in the Juvenile Instructor. The committee on Mission Sunday Schools recommends the adoption of the regular courses of study by all the

Schools as outlined in the Juvenile Instructor.

Notes From Missions

The following is a brief report taken from a letter received from Sister Lillie Atkinson, who labored as a missionary in the Northwestern States. She, with Sister Nona Harris, organized a small School in the home of Sister Christine Santanera, a convert of the Church at Milwaukee, Oregon. This good lady suggested to the Mission President that a School be held in her home so that the children in the neighborhood who appeared to be running about the streets Sunday morning could be invited into her home to attend Sunday School. The boys and girls came in goodly numbers and two classes were organized, namely, the Kindergarten and Intermediate departments. The children were asked to do missionary work among their friends and many new members were brought into the School. The children of this Sunday School besides following the regular courses of study, memorized during the year the eighth and twelfth Psalms, the Ten Commandments the Beatitudes, the Lord's Prayer and the books in the Bible. Most of the pupils had a record of 100 per cent attendance and preparation. This Sunday School was the means of opening the doors of many homes to the missionaries. Cottage meetings were held with the families; Books of Mormon were placed in the homes, and this Sunday School proved to be a splendid missionary factor. Many people of this neighborhood commented on the splendid work that was being accomplished by these lady missionaries in this School. One mother who had two boys attending the School commented, "The 'Mormon' Sunday School is the best organized and does the most efficient work of any school I ever attended."

Sister Lillie Atkinson acted as Superintendent of this School and was assisted by Nona Harris, Elizabeth Ingles, Mary Wagstaff, Cecil Bance, Drucilla Reese and Orabella Iverson.

When a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.—Steele.



PARENTS' DEPARTMENT



Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, N. T. Porter, E. G. Gowans, Seymour B. Young, Charles H. Hart, George N. Child, and Milton Bennion

TO PARENTS' CLASS TEACHERS

Acceptance of your positions involves definite obligations and responsibilities toward the membership of your class. You must be a leader. Before presenting yourself before your class, you must know the lesson—not merely by having read it with your eyes but by having argued it out in your own mind and to your own satisfaction. Then, and only then, are you in a condition to reason out and discuss the lesson with your class. The following subject matter is for the entire month and may be divided in such manner as time and inclination of the class may direct.

WORK FOR MARCH, 1923

First Sunday, March 4, 1923

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that Jesus Christ is the Savior of the World.
(See Supts. Dept.)

Chapter XX—Quarrels and Fighting

It is perfectly natural for healthy people to differ. Children do not wilfully enter into conflicts any more than adults. In few things do parents need more patience than in dealing with children's quarrels. First seek to determine the merits of the cause, but do not attempt to pronounce a verdict. It is a mistake to quench feelings of indignation against wrong, or of hatred against evil. Train the child to discriminate between hatred of wrong and bitterness toward the wrong doer. In our methods of dealing with a quarrel, it is desirable to secure a voluntary acknowledgment of wrong.

The perpetually petulant child, bickering with all others, should be taken to a physician. Get him right nervously and physically first. Habitual bickering may also indicate a probability that the home life is without harmony and full of discord.

Each child must learn to live with other lives; to adjust himself to them. Life is often pretty much of a fight, struggling in competition and rivalry. We have not yet fully learned the lesson

of co-operation, and we still tend to think of business as a battlefield.

The boy who fights because he lacks control of temper needs careful training. The boy who *strikes* without thinking is simply one who *acts* without thinking. In the matter of developing self-control one cannot learn control under one set of moral circumstances without learning it for all. Hence the value of training for self-control, for example, in the matter of speech. Teach the child to learn to wait even after the thought is formed into words until it shall be his turn or his opportunity to speak. Control is gained also by the acquisition of the habit of thought regarding general courses of action. Children who have the custom of quiet private prayer often develop ability to see their conduct in the calm of these moments.

The cure for the personal conflict spirit is the substitution of games of rivalry and skill. All that the fight calls for—courage, endurance, skill, quickness of action, and grim persistence—comes out in a good game. Our participation in the youth's games, our joy in honestly won success is the best possible way to call out heroic qualities in a boy.

Topics for Discussion

1. Why is it important to discriminate between ordinary bickering and expression of anger against injustice?
2. What are the causes of habitual petulance? What are the dangers of this habit on the mind?
3. To what extent does inharmonious

home life produce quarrelsome children?

4. How does the development of self-control under one set of moral circumstances carry over into other situations?

5. Do you encourage your children to relate their day's experiences to the

family? How can this be utilized in the development of self-control?

6. Is fighting necessarily wrong? What are the valuable possibilities in the fighting tendency?

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

John M. Mills, Chairman; George H. Wallace, Robert L. Judd and Albert E. Bowen

First Year—The Apostles of Jesus Christ

Text: "The Apostles of Jesus Christ"
By Edward H. Anderson

First Sunday, March 4, 1923

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that Jesus Christ is the Savior of the World.
(See Supts. Dept.)

Second Sunday, March 11, 1923

Chapter 6—"The Apostles of Jesus Christ" (Anderson)

Aim: Same as Lesson 3.

- I. Lebbaeus (Thaddaeus) the tenth apostle, sometimes known as Judas. (not Judas Iscariot.)
 - a. Very little known of him.
 - b. The reference to Lebbaeus or Judas by John 14:22, 23. Brings out the great value of prayer and that prayers will be answered.
 - c. Christ's promise as a reward for obedience very significant.
 - d. The question propounded by Judas is an interesting one:
"Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us and not unto the world?"
2. Simon the Canaanite, sometimes known as Simon Zelotes.
 - a. Belonged to the sect Canaanians or Canaanites and probably was radical.
 - b. How is it the Gospel of Christ would appeal to such a man?
 - c. What would be the effect of the Gospel upon such a character?
3. Judas Iscariot—a Judean.
 - a. The other eleven Galileans.

b. His disposition and his call.

c. Was Judas chosen for the purpose of service, or as a means to accomplish the end which he did accomplish?

Third Sunday, March 18, 1923

Chapter 7—"The Apostles of Jesus Christ" (Anderson)

Aim: The Gospel is simple yet difficult to understand to those not spiritually minded and without the aid of the Holy Ghost.

1. Christ's instructions to His apostles from the date of their respective calls to the time of His crucifixion.
 - a. By precept—His instructions.
 - b. By example—His miracles, etc.
2. Their lack of understanding.
 - a. Peter's exaltation—his humiliation.
 - b. The three sleep in the garden.
 - c. Peter's denial of Christ.
 - d. How do you account for inability of the apostles to get the Gospel message, the significance of Christ's mission, etc.
4. Christ's greatest hour, in the garden just before the betrayal.
 - a. His desire to escape the agony of death then upon Him.
 - b. His strength equal to the supreme test.

Fourth Sunday, March 25, 1923

Written Review for First Quarter

1. Why is Church organization necessary to the accomplishment of the Gospel plan?
2. What part does the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles play in carrying out this plan?
3. Name the quorum of the Twelve Apostles at the time of Christ. Name the

First Presidency and the Twelve Apostles in this day.

4. What is the special calling of an apostle, and how are we affected thereby?

Advanced Theological

DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS

LESSONS FOR MARCH

First Sunday, March 4, 1923

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject Why do I believe that Jesus Christ is the Savior of the World. (For outline see Superintendents' Department.)

Second Sunday, March 11, 1923

Lesson 7.—Secs. 82-101. April, 1832—December, 1833

1. Organization in Zion.
 - a. The Order of Enoch, sec. 82; H. C., 1, pp. 267-269.
 - b. Rights of women and children, sec. 83; H. C., 1, pp. 267, 270.
 - c. Record keeping, sec. 85.
 - d. Command to build a temple, sec. 97; H. C., 1 pp. 400-402.
 - e. Destiny of Zion, sec. 101; H. C., 1, p. 458-464; C. J. S., p. 155-157.
2. The land of Zion.
 - a. United Order, sec. 92; H. C., 1, pp. 333-337; C. J. S., pp. 144, 145.
 - b. Plan for the city, sec. 94; H. C., 1, pp. 346-347.
 - c. The Temple, sec. 95; H. C., 1, pp. 349-352; C. J. S., pp. 152, 253.
 - d. Officers appointed, sec. 96; H. C., 1, pp. 352, 352.
3. Prophecy on war, Sec. 87; H. C., 1, pp. 301, 302; C. J. S., pp. 139-140.
4. Word of Wisdom, Sec. 89; H. C., 1, pp. 327, 328; C. J. S., pp. 142.
5. Explanation of Scripture.
 - a. Parable of wheat and tares, sec. 86; H. C., 1, p. 300.
 - b. The Apocropha, sec. 91; H. C., 1, pp. 331, 332.
6. Revelations to individuals.
 - a. John Murdock, sec. 99.
 - b. Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon, sec. 100; H. C., 1, pp. 416-421; C. C. S., pp. 153-155.
7. Instructions relative to building up the Church.
 - a. Priesthood, sec. 84; H. C., 1, p. 286-295; C. J. S., pp. 128.

- b. The olive leaf, sec. 88; H. C., 1, pp. 302-312.
- ci First Presidency, etc., sec. 90; H. C., 1, pp. 239-333; C. J. S., pp. 143, 144.
- d. Origin of man, sec. 93; H. C., 1, p. 346.
- e. Forgiveness, etc. sec. 89; H. C., 1, pp. 403-406.

Third Sunday, March 18, 1923

Lesson 8, Sixth Division—Secs. 101-112
—Lectures on Faith, February, 1834—July, 1837

1. High Council Organized. Sec. 102; C. J. S., pp. 164, 165.
 - a. The Saint to return to, sec. 103; C. J. S., pp. 165, 166.
 - b. Its redemption postponed, sec. 105; C. J. S., pp. 173, 174.
3. Kirtland Temple.
 - a. Dedicatory prayer, sec. 109; C. J. S., pp. 193-198.
 - b. Visions, sec. 110; C. J. S., other references as above.
4. The work in Salem, Mass. Sec. 111; C. J. S., p. 198.
5. The lectures on faith. Doc. & Cov. (old edition) pp. 1-75; Historical Record, p. 418.
6. Revelations to individuals.
 - a. Warren A. Cowdery. Sec. 106.
 - b. Lyman Sherman. Sec. 108.
7. Instructions relative to building up the Church.
 - a. United Order, sec. 104.
 - b. Priesthood—Twelve Apostles, sec. 107; C. J. S., pp. 182-184.
 - c. Views on governments and laws, sec. 134; C. J. S., p. 189, 190.
 - d. The Twelve Apostles, sec. 112; C. J. S., 210-213.

Fourth Sunday, March 25, 1923

Written Review for First Quarter

1. What is the Book of Doctrine and Covenants?
2. How may the revelations contained in the Doctrine and Covenants be classified?
3. What importance is given in the early revelations contained in the Doctrine and Covenants?
4. What knowledge and experience did the young prophet gain from the revelations relative to the organization of the Church.



SECOND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT



Harold G. Reynolds, Chairman; Horace H. Cummings, J. Leo. Fairbanks, T. Albert Hooper and Alfred C. Rees

First Year—Church History

First Sunday, March 4, 1923

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that Jesus Christ is the Savior of the World. (For outline see Superintendents' Department).

Second Sunday March 11, 1923

Lesson VII—Church History

The right to again minister in God's name is conferred upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery.

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," chapter 7.

Teachers' References: "History of the Church, Vol 1, Chapter 5, or Life of Joseph Smith by George Q. Cannon, ch. IX, or Essentials in Church History, by Jos. Fielding Smith, pp. 67-71, or Evans' Hundred Years of Mormonism, pages 104-107, or Articles of Faith, by Talmage, Lecture 4; Doctrine and Covenants Sec. 13.

Suggestive Outline

1. Faith in God's word led Joseph and Oliver to enquire concerning remission of sins.
2. The Lord answered their prayer in a wonderful way (Oliver Cowdery's statement—History of the Church, Vol. 1 chap. 5. (Notes on pages 42 and 43.)
3. They were baptized with authority. How? (Why the prescribed order? J. F. Smith's Essentials in Church History, page 68.)
4. Their humility prepared them for greater blessings.
5. What this lesson means to us. Differentiate between the two orders, of Priesthood. Spell Melchizedek. Emphasize the mode of baptism. Can you make the title of the lesson also its aim?

Third Sunday, March 18, 1923

Lesson VIII. Church History

The Church of Jesus Christ Restored in These Latter Days

Pupils' Text: Young Folk's History of the Church. Chapter 8.

Teacher's References: One Hundred Years of Mormonism, pages 107-111, or

Talmage's Articles of Faith, Lecture II or History of the Church, Vol. 1, chapters 7 and 8 and first half of chapter 9 to page 86, or Life of Joseph Smith, chapter XII, or Essentials in Church History, chapter 12 and half of chapter 13.

Suggestive Outline:

1. Why a Church organization?
2. The Primitive Church.
3. The Latter-day Church. Why?
4. How established? Tell all about it.
5. Name of our Church and its significance. Doc. and Cov. Sec. 15. What it means to me. Memorize the fifth Article of Faith.

Fourth Sunday, March 25, 1923

Written Review for First Quarter

(Write answers to three of the following questions.)

1. For many generations the Lord kept America unknown to the rest of the world. What great purpose is now apparent and what part is our country to fulfil in the affairs of the world?
2. What led Joseph Smith to inquire of the Lord about His Church and what effect did the answer to his humble prayer have on later religious teaching?
3. What great good will result to the world from a knowledge of the Book of Mormon?
4. What significance to the world has the testimony of the witnesses to the Book of Mormon?
5. How was the Priesthood restored and to you what does it mean?
6. What was the Lord's purpose in establishing the Church in these latter days and what part are we to perform to help fulfil this plan?

Third Year—"What it Means to be a 'Mormon' "

First Sunday, March 4, 1923

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that Jesus Christ is the Savior of the world?

Teachers are asked to refer to a discussion of this topic as found in the Superintendents' department, this issue.

Second Sunday March 11, 1923

Lesson 6.—What it Means to be a Mormon

Topic:—The Apostasy

Suggestions to Teachers:—These outlines do not come to the teacher as an elaboration of the text. Teachers are urged to put down in writing the outstanding points presented by the author, then sub-divide these and consider how the boys and girls can be led to discuss each point. A picture should be presented to the class of the simplicity of the Church founded by the Savior. Then present facts of actual changes which occurred as time progressed. Let the class analyze the different practices which grew up in the Church and compare them with the original forms and beliefs. The author has enumerated several of them, which are sufficient for this day's lesson.

Third Sunday, March 18, 1923

Topic:—The Apostasy (Continued)

Text: Chapter 7 of the text book.

Suggestions to teachers:—Bring to the class some writings which reflect the spirit of the middle ages. Read extracts from Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales" which hold a mirror up to the Church officials of those times. Scott's "Ivanhoe" also

makes some interesting disclosures. Be prepared to tell about the selling of indulgences. Both Elders Talmage and Roberts have given this subject considerable attention in their text books. References to specific cases are given. After all, how are you going to show that that practice was wrong, that it did lead to corruption, that it did undermine the Church, and that it led the way to the Reformation? This topic will require careful research and study on your part.

Fourth Sunday, March 25, 1923

Written Review for First Quarter

Teachers will provide the class members with paper and pencils in order that the period may be devoted to the answering of the questions provided for this department, by the General Board. Teachers can be wonderfully helpful today in stimulating interest on the part of the boys and girls in putting their best efforts into their answers.

Written Review for First Quarter

1. Name what you regard as the fundamental principles taught by the Savior?
2. Why did the Savior organize a Church?
3. What is the necessity of religion, and what benefit do you derive from religion?



HYRUM SECOND WARD SUNDAY SCHOOL

In Blacksmith's Fork Canyon. Outing July 7, 1922



FIRST-INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT



George M. Cannon, Chairman; Josiah Burrows, John W. Walker and Adam Bennion

First Year—Book of Mormon

LESSONS FOR MARCH

The Story of the Nephite People

First Sunday, March 4, 1923

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that Jesus Christ is the Savior of the world?

(Teachers are referred to the special article on this subject in the Superintendents' Department.)

Second Sunday March 11, 1923

Lesson 7.—Happenings on the Way to The Promised Land

Text: 1 Nephi 16-18; 2 Nephi 4:12.

- I. The Liahona.
 1. The Lord provides a guide for Lehi and his people.
 2. Describe the Liahona.
 3. The instrument worked only according to the faith and diligence of the people.
 4. What we may learn from the Liahona.
- II. What happened on a hunting trip.
 1. Nephi breaks his bow.
 2. Great murmuring among the colonists.
 3. They are reproved by the Lord.
 4. Nephi provides the company with food.
- III. In the land Bountiful.
 1. Location of Bountiful.
 2. Why so named.
- IV. Nephi commanded to build a ship.
 1. The Lord talks with Nephi on a mountain.
 2. He commands Nephi to build a ship and gives him instructions concerning the building of the vessel.
 3. Laman and Lemuel mock Nephi.
 4. He reproves them for their unbelief.
 5. The attempt to take his life.
 6. The Lord confounds Laman and Lemuel.
 7. Nephi's brothers assist in the building of the ship.
- V. Storm on the Ocean.
 1. Nephi reproves members of the company because of their unseemly conduct.
 2. Laman and Lemuel bind Nephi.
 3. A terrible storm; lives of the company threatened.

4. Laman and Lemuel humbled and brought to repentance.
5. Nephi's bands loosed. Nephi prays to the Lord, and storm ceases and the vessel proceeds on its way to the promised land.

IV. Arrival in the land of promise.

1. The promise of the Lord fulfilled—Lehi and his followers arrive in the promised land.

Aim: Faith and purity of life enable us to acquire power to overcome evil.

Illustration: Relate an incident from Church history or pioneer experiences. Nephi's experience was somewhat similar to Noah's in building the ark.

Application: Questions on the part of the teacher should show how children can guard against and overcome evil.

Third Sunday, March 18, 1923

Lesson 8.—Lehi and His People in the Promised Land

Text: 1 Nephi 18:7, 24, 25; 2 Nephi 2:1-4, 12; 5:1-24. Jacob 1:9-12.

- I. In the promised land.
 1. What the colonists found.
 2. The work of plowing and planting.
- II. Jacob and Joseph.
 1. The two younger sons of Lehi born while Lehi and his people were in the wilderness.
 2. Jacob's love for Nephi.
 3. His vision of Christ.
- III. Death of Lehi.
 1. Prior to his death, Lehi blesses his family.
- IV. Laman and Lemuel conspire to kill Nephi.
 1. Laman and Lemuel plan the death of Nephi.
 2. The wicked scheme frustrated.
 3. The separation of Nephi and his followers from their wicked companions.
- V. The Nephites build a city and a temple.
 1. The Nephites settle in a place which they call Nephi.
 2. They engage in farming.
 3. They build homes, a city and a temple.
 4. Nephi refuses to be made king.
- IV. The Lamanites.
 1. Cursed because of their wickedness.
 2. Their terrible condition.
 3. Their manner of living.

VII. Death of Nephi.

1. Nephi anoints a man to be king over his people.
2. Nephi commits the history he has kept in the care of his brother Jacob.
3. Death of Nephi.

Aim: The power of God manifest in directing His people to this land.

Illustration: The arrival of the pioneers and their declaration to build a temple.

Application: Have children state the advantages of belonging to the Church of Christ, and of living a life like that of Nephi.

Fourth Sunday, March 25, 1923

Written Review for First Quarter

Note: Teachers should try and assist the children to get a clear understanding of the questions.

1. How did we get the Book of Mormon?
2. Why did Lehi and his family leave Jerusalem?
3. Name the men we have read about in the Book of Mormon?
4. Which of these men would you like to follow?
5. Why would you like to be like Nephi?

Third Year—Life of Christ

First Sunday, March 4, 1923

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that Jesus Christ is the Savior of the world? (Teachers are urged to study the suggestions given in Superintendents' Department, this issue.)

Second Sunday March 11, 1923

Lesson 7

Text: "A Life of Christ for the Young," by Weed; chapter XIII of text, "First Disciples," and Chapter XIV of text, "The Lamb of God." Matt. 4:18-22; Mark 1:16-20.

The first four apostles chosen were fishermen.

Peter and Andrew were brothers and chosen first. Then two other brothers,

James and John, the sons of Zebedee.

Suggestive Aim: Gentleness need not be weakness. The strong may be gentle and the tender and forgiving may be stern and fearless.

Note the incident where the Savior drives out the money-changers from the Temple, John 2:13-16. Wherever the Savior went He was a lifter and not a leaner. He always helped those around Him; and they looked to Him for advice as to what to do in every emergency. Yet He was always kind and a comforter to those in distress.

Third Sunday, March 18, 1923

Lesson 8

Chapter XVI of Text: "Beautiful Land and Sea."

Suggestive Aim: The gift of healing is one of the signs following the Gospel, and follows only where faith exists.

The country around the Sea of Galilee was in the days of our Savior very thickly inhabited and a most fruitful land. The fresh water lake was one of its chief charms and Capernaum was one of its larger cities and the home of the first four apostles chosen. Here the Savior dwelt most of the time after leaving Nazareth, usually abiding at the home of Peter. In this town and in the region around about, the Savior performed many miracles. Let the Teacher read pages 19 to 24 inclusive—David O. McKay's "Ancient Apostles" (See also Luke 4:31-44; 5: 1-26.)

Have pupils memorize the words of the song—"Memories of Galilee," page 122 Deseret Sunday School Song Book. If possible have the chorister teach the class this beautiful song.

Fourth Sunday, March 25, 1923

Written Review for First Quarter

1. What things that happened at the birth of our Savior make you think Jesus was the Son of God?
2. How do you think Jesus must have spent His boyhood days at Nazareth to prepare Himself for His life's work?
3. Relate the incidents connected with the baptism of Jesus.
4. Why was it necessary for Jesus to be baptized?
5. How were you baptized?



PRIMARY DEPARTMENT



Chas. B. Felt, chairman; Frank K. Seegmiller; assisted by Florence Horne Smith, Bessie F. Foster and Mabel Cook

LESSONS FOR MARCH, 1923

First Sunday, March 4, 1923

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that Jesus Christ is the Savior of the world?

Reference: Superintendents' Department of this issue.

Aim: As Jesus is our Savior we should love and serve Him.

Memory Gem: "Unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

Song: "Christmas Cradle Song," D. S. S. Song No. 174.

Point of Contact: Whose birthday do we celebrate on Christmas day?

Lesson: Who was the baby so wonderful that although hundreds and hundreds of years have passed since He was born, nearly every one celebrates His birthday, and sings songs of praise to Him? Yes, He was the Son of God, who sent Him here to show us how to live. What else do we call Him? Yes, the Savior! He had a great mission to perform, and He performed it and became our Savior! Next Fall we shall study His life and learn what wonderful things He did and how He finally died for us that we might be saved from sin, and thus became our Savior! Who wants to learn about Him? Who wants to love Him as the Savior of our world?

Application: How can we show our love for Him? Who wants to sing about Him? (Sing "Christmas Cradle Song" or some other Christmas song known to the children.)

Lesson 8.—A Father's Sacrifice

Text: Gen. 12:1-10; 18:1-16; 22. Pearl of Great Price, Abraham 1, 2.

References: "Bible and Church History Stories," "Stories from the Old Testament," "Kindergarten Bible Stories"—Laura Ella Cragin.

Teachers should bear in mind that conditions were very different in the days of Abraham from those surrounding us. That there were no general "laws of the land" such as we have, but the Patriarch, who was "the head or ruler of a tribe, family, or clan" was even more su-

preme than even the Czar of Russia in later years. Abraham was a Patriarch who owed allegiance only to God, and whose word was law to every member of his family and tribe, and furthermore the confidence of such members in his wisdom and discretion was so great that no one even demurred at his rulings as witness the departure of Hagar with her child and Isaac's submittal to the great test God put upon both Abraham and himself.

Second Sunday March 11, 1923

Lesson 9.—A Mother's Prayer

Text: Genesis 16, 21.

References: "Bible and Church History Stories," "Stories from the Old Testament."

Third Sunday, March 18, 1923

Lesson 9.—Rebekah at the Well

Text: Genesis 24; 25:30-34.

References: "Bible and Church History Stories," "Stories from the Old Testament."

Fourth Sunday, March 25, 1923

Lesson 11.—A Sacred Promise

Text: Genesis 28 to 33 inclusive.

References: "Bible and Church History Stories," "Stories from the Old Testament."

Preview of Previous Lessons

1. Why was Abraham asked to offer up to Isaac as a sacrifice? What great truths did the world learn through this incident?

2. How did Hagar show her trust in God, and how was she rewarded?

3. How did Isaac's servant show his trust in our Heavenly Father? How did great happiness come to Isaac and Rebekah through trusting in our Heavenly Father?

4. What covenant did Jacob make at Bethel?

5. By doing what things may we best show our trust in God?



KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT



Wm. A. Morton, Chairman; Charles J. Ross; assisted by Ina Johnson and Blanche Love Gee

MATERIAL SUGGESTED FOR MONTH OF MARCH, 1923

Songs for the Month: "Joseph Smith's First Prayer," "Jesus Once of Humble Birth," (D. S. S. Song Book.) "Spring Song," p. 9; "For This I Pray," "He Who Lacks Wisdom," p. 26; "Easter Song," p. 10; "Closing Song," p. 9; "Sacramental Song," p. 8, (Kindergarten and Primary Song Book) "Natures Easter Song," p. 27. (Patty Hill.)

Select any songs from this list which best suits the subject or lesson taught.

Rest Exercises, Presentation of:

1. Effect of wind—bending trees, flapping clothes on line, turning windmills, fast and slow.

2. Preparing the ground for gardening.

Use "Making a Garden," from Emily Poulson's finger play books, but let us remember that in giving all of the rest exercises, to be sure and see that it has a three-fold value—physical, mental and spiritual. For instance: After they have talked of the wind; what it does, etc., lead them to see that God sends it to help us; that everything is for our good, sent by our Heavenly Father.

Aim for the Month:

Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ creates within us a desire to do His work and obtain His blessings.

The following program is expected to be carried out every Sunday. Owing to lack of space in Juvenile we will not outline each Sunday as we have been doing.

I. Opening.

- a. Gathering of wraps by children.
- b. Song practice.
- c. Hymn.
- d. Prayer.
- e. Hymn or song.
- f. Rest period.

II. Group Work.

- a. Memory Gem—Sacrament Gem.
Just a tiny piece of bread,
While I eat I bow my head;
Now a sip of water clear
To show I love my Savior dear.
—Annie Malin.

b. Lesson.

III. Closing.

- a. Passing wraps by children.
- b. Song
- c. Benediction.

Note: Teachers please follow this program and see that the children are doing more of the work. You are robbing them of their right when you do their work.

First Sunday, March 4, 1923

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that Jesus Christ is the Savior of the World.

(See Supts. Dept.)

Use Lesson 49.—"The Resurrection from Second Year outline.

Text: Matt. 28:1-1A0; Luke 24:46-51; I Peter 1:20; I John 4:9; Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten.

Helps: See page 71; Pearl of Great Price; Moses 4:9-11; also read Prest. John Taylor in Mediation and Atonement, p. 97; Articles of Faith, by Talmage, Lecture 4, Article 3 Note 12, also Lecture 10, Article 5, notes 21, 22, 23; See Story of Resurrection in Feb. Juvenile.

Suggestions. Before we can teach this subject it is necessary that we be converted ourselves and in order for us to be converted, we must first know something of the subject. Therefore we must gather all the material we can on the subject.

Second Sunday March 11, 1923

Subject: Jesus Healing the Nobleman's son.

Lesson 7.—First Year Outline

Text: John 4:46-54; Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten.

Helps: "Jesus the Christ," pp. 177, 178; Weed's, "Life of Jesus Christ," chap. 9.

Third Sunday, March 18, 1923

**Subject: The Last Supper
Lesson 9.—First Year Outline**

Text: Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten; Matt. 26:17-20, 26-30; Mark 14:12-17; Luke 22:7-20, 24-27; John 13:34, 14, 15.

Helps: "Jesus the Christ," pp. 592-597. Farrar's "Life of Christ," chap. 55.

Fourth Sunday, March 25, 1923

Subject: The Death and Burial of Jesus
Lesson 48: Second Year Outline

Text: Matt. 27:22-25; 32-50, 57-60;
 Mark 15:1-15, 21-47; Luke 23:22-56; John
 19:15-30, 38-42; Sunday Morning in the
 Kindergarten.

Helps: "Jesus the Christ," chap. 35;
 "The Life of the Master," John Watson,
 chap. 27.

Suggestions: In presenting this story
 we do not want to merely touch on the

death scene, where Jesus was put to
 death by the wicked men. Bringing out
 in more detail the burial, the place, the
 dress, and the manner, but make it beau-
 tiful, thus preparing them for the beau-
 tiful thought of the after life and
 that the tomb or grave is only a rest-
 ing place for our body. Then next Sun-
 day in a very pleasing way you can show
 how Jesus overcame death, how He took
 up His body, that was put in the tomb,
 three days before, proving to us there
 is no death; that we too shall live.

Ina G. Jolinson.

The Wonder Hour

When bedtime comes, and shadows creep,
 And it is dark and still,
 And when the kind old sun has gone
 To sleep behind the hill,
 I watch our quiet garden then,
 And sudden I can see
 So many tiny darting lights,
 As golden as can be.

They rest like stars upon the hedge,
 As fairy flowers they grow
 Among the drowsy, dewy beds,
 Now high, and then so low.
 I feel 'most like a Peter Pan,
 When on a summer night
 The merry fireflies visit us,
 And make the world all bright.

—Selected.



SUNDAY SCHOOL OF HUNTLEY, NEW ZEALAND

On The Hill

By Josephine Spencer

Jeddy's cup had been well nigh full before Christmas, when his stub sled had been conspicuous against even the comparatively shabby ones of his school mates. But pitted against the bright reds, and greens and blues of new ones the Christmastide had brought them, his stubby, unpainted runner was a joke, a parody.

It was a big enough trouble even before Cliff Hutchins aired his usual sarcasm to add the final sting to suffering pride.

"Kriss Kringle sure did some dirt to the community in leaving that sled still in commission. As long as the chimney failed to cough down a new one, it's up to all of us to give up chewing gum, and donate our savings to the cause."

"I'd hate to rob you of your one job, Cliff," retorted Jed. "And I guess I can manage to make a few more trips down the slide, if the colors on your new runner don't jolt me off."

But even the ready laugh that followed from the other boys, did not ease the chill in Jed's heart. It was hard to keep up his usual air of unconcern over his actual, aching pride, though he managed to coast down a time or two abreast of Cliff's handsome sled, and flung back jibe for jibe. It was Jeddy's independence, underlying all his fine good nature, that made him victor in many a tilt against odds, and the most of his schoolfellows liked him for it, though they often added bits of railleury to Cliff's more personal sarcasms. It all kept Jeddy holding tight indeed to his mother's comforting philosophy.

"It's not what people say to you nor about you, Jeddy. The main thing to think of is that you don't have to care if things ain't your fault. Folks that's always jibing others sometimes find all the scars on themselves."

Jed knew that Cliff Hutchins would laugh at this homely sort of comfort.

Jeddy himself was leery of too much sugar. But there was something in the mere ring of his mother's voice that stood for pep and truth, something that took all the "sissy" taint out of his adopting her philosophy. Mrs. Rand—"Muzzy" as she stood to the little Rand household, from the time of Jeddy's first infantile effort to lip "mother"—had ingrained in her character all the grit and cheer of a "Mrs. Wiggs," and her unconscious courage had been inspiration to more than her own family. It had been tested there enough, especially in the past two years.

It began when John Rand had been offered a better position as accountant in the factory which was the pivot of industry in the new town. He had been caught at the very first on the horns of unpardonable selfishness, when Martin Hutchins, finding that John wished to invest his several years' savings in a home, induced him to buy a piece of worthless river land and frame cottage that the other townspeople would have rejected as a gift. Three funerals had followed the residence of two families—renters who had previously occupied the place—and nearly every one knew that the adjoining swamp was responsible. But the Rands did not know until too late.

They had come early in the summer, when the place was at its best, the yard green with grass and the trees about thickly foliated, making it seem desirable. But in winter the river was partially frozen over, making the biting air still keener, and in spring the river overflowed—almost even to the doorsills at times. The two bad seasons made John Rand an invalid, and he had gone to Hutchins indignantly stating all the conditions. But Hutchins only laughed and when he did that John Rand resigned from the factory where he had been clinging to his job for the sake of "Muzzy" and Jed. He

had less than a hundred dollars left of his seasons' earnings, for most of them had gone for medicine and doctors' bills. Even "Muzzy" and Jeddy had "ailed," though neither was as bad as John. It ended in John going out to California—at the doctor's imperative orders—for he was told if he wished ever to be able to earn a living again, he would have to go to some climate where he might have a chance to get the swamp chill out of his blood.

There was not money enough to take them all on the long trip, so Muzzy and Jed were left to follow later, when John should have found his health—and a position. As the summer was fairly tolerable by the river, it had been arranged that the former were to stay there until fall, then, with the aid of John's possible earnings aided by those of Muzzy's willing fingers, they were to rent a place "in town," until John could send for them.

But John's health did not pick up quickly, and when fall came, there was still not money enough to take Muzzy and Jed west. To keep John from worrying Muzzy wrote glowing accounts of her finances, and he did not know that there had been no change from the river to town. It meant saving rent, and in fact it would have been a problem to meet that expense with both John's and Muzzy's earnings combined. To tell the truth there were not many paying customers in D—. The well-to-do class of people did not need Muzzy's very plain sewing, and few of the others could afford it. But Muzzy Rand's fingers were seldom idle. She soon found out how many of the factory women had to leave homes so early that it was hard indeed to tidy up, or to get through with dressmaking, mending and darning that accumulated from week to week, especially in the larger families. Muzzy's genuine sympathy and interest in these conditions kept her active in practical

efforts to help them, and her willingness once known, many free tasks came to her from all quarters. And she did them with genuine joy. Of course there were some who paid, and the small earnings, with John's, gathered up from odd jobs he had been able to pick up in California, kept her and Jeddy in food and clothing. The fuel was Jeddy's care, and his tramps up the near canyon, for loose branches and logs, and their chopping, and making fires in the mornings and taking care of the out door chores, made Jeddy a valuable partner in the business of living out John Rand's enforced term of partial idleness.

And, strange to say, neither Muzzy Rand nor Jeddy had suffered any ailment. Aside from the inevitable hardship of the biting winter that followed John's departure, and the annoyance of the damp from overflowing waters in the spring, they had done fairly well. Muzzy declared that it was all due to her having put resentment at the Hutchins out of her heart. "Just as soon as I begun to honestly pity Martin Hutchins, instead of despise him, I begun to feel better in body and mind. I b'lieve to goodness it was just our nursing malice towards them that first winter made us all ailing, and put your Pa in a sick bed. He felt it worse than we did, Jeddy. Just kept grieving and wrathful, and wishing judgment would fall on that man's head, till no wonder his own joints went mealy.

"It's been easier for me to keep peace in my heart since I've not had to hear your father foam at Hutchins' trickery. But it sure was hard to stand, Jeddy, especially when Cliff commenced to nag you at school and everywhere about your clothes and sled and everything, when we could have had lots decenter things if his father hadn't fooled us out of nine years' earnings. Then you see there was the livin' on the hill—and us under it—and the cupola on their roof met your father's eyes every time he

went out doors. It was such an eyesore to him, Jeddy, that if the thing had been alive 'twould have withered up under your Pa's wrath. For awhile, I just couldn't help humoring his feelings. But thank heaven, Jeddy, I've rooted the cupola and all the rest of the nagging things out of my heart, and so have you—and double thanks to Providence—your father's letters ain't but just breathin' things now that used to buzz fairly enough almost to burn up the paper. When I noticed that, I knew his rheumatism was better before he even told me. And when he said a few letters back that he's learning to think of his blessings more, and not the things that makes him ache, it was the best news he could send. I b'lieve something will come now he's getting better, so we can go and join him out there before another winter. What I'm finding out, Jeddy, is that the minute I let my thoughts drift into resentment at the Hutchins, I begin to feel achy all over, so for your own sake, don't hurt too deep, but never let what he says eat and drink or sit up nights with you. Why we managed to get real joy out of some of the smart things he's said. Think of his naming your sled the 'burro.' Think of the spasms of laughs we had over it remembering how that little donkey old Billy Stevens rode back home used to stop short the same as your sled, dig his front feet into the ground all of a sudden, and send Billy over his ears like you said you went over Cliff's head when that sled of yours acted up. You and me had a big laugh over that performance and the name Cliff gave the sled."

"Yes," smiled Jed, "and Cliff had nothing but a grouch because I landed plumb in front of him and sent him into a snow bank,—said I did it on purpose."

"That was funny, too, wasn't it, Jeddy?" laughed Muzzy.

"Well, the whole hill laughed at him more than me, especially when

he kept on grumbling as if I'd plotted it all."

"They just couldn't help it," gurgled Muzzy.

"All the same that nickname's stuck," said Jed. "There ain't a kid in town now that don't nag me on it. Today Ed Lawson asked me if I'd learned it any more circus tricks, or if I could make it go leading it."

Jed's face was very dubious, but it melted under Muzzy's infectious laugh.

"It's all as good as a circus. I've had many a good laugh over it sitting here seeing it happen plain as day—you going over Cliff's head, and him on his back flinging that name at the sled and charging you up with a conspiracy."

"All the same, Jeddy, don't take any more chances with the sled. Keep its paws up in the air so it won't throw you again."

It was like Muzzy to try and minimize the slants that Jeddy had to bear, for there was no other cure for them. But with Jeddy, it was easier laughing with her than the boys, when these things came his way, for reasons that only a boy could sense. The sled was his especial trial, though he was fair at bravado when it came to jibes. At Christmas time he had hoped against reason that the sled might be replaced. The faith, even in miracles, so keenly alive at Christmastide, made it seem really possible, though there was no actual, tangible thing to warrant it. There had been gifts, it was true, few of the friends who had profited by Muzzy Rands's free ministering failing to send some offering.

And stilling her own ache at Jeddy's disappointment, she had seized upon her blessings, discounting the lack, and making much of the things that had come to their door.

"It's funny, Jeddy," she said, "how the Lord knows what's best for us. I've been for months wishing and

hoping a sled might happen—and here, instead comes a quarter of a ton of coal. As if a pair of long runners and a little red or blue paint could be measured against that! Think of the heat it gives out to warm up this frame house, and how many trips it will save you up canyon digging out the logs the snow slides have brought down. My sakes! It's pure providence! And then all those mittens and wool neck comforters for you. You're fixed for years to come, Jeddy, if I don't fit out that poor Cox family with some of 'em. They've just come here, and know almost nobody. Seven of 'em, counting the parents and five children. I was hoping to knit every last one of them sweaters and mitts, but my yarn gave out, what with that poor Switzer family needing the same things, and you just about out of socks.

"It's a blessing no one but me knits you socks, and as for the sweater I wanted to do for you—here it is, already furnished in a way, by the neck comforters. Seven, Jeddy, and all different colors. I'm going to keep one of them for your neck, and sew the others up into a sweater."

Jeddy faced her with a dark cloud on his face and rebellion in his tone. "Don't you go and make a zebra out of me! Maybe it's funny having a burro for a sled, but I'm not going to be a menagerie myself. How'd I look with all those colors on me sewed up in stripes."

"Don't you worry, Jeddy. That sweater's going to be no worse than lots of the boys wear. Come to get the comforters pieced together right and it will be right handsome. I'm aiming to have the purple and yellows for the sleeves and the blues and magentas for the rest. As for the sled, when the boys see you in your new sweater they won't think of it."

But Jed's wail of protest was not to be downed. "They'll call us a pair," he cried, "zebra and burro" that's what will be yelled after us on

the hill. I guess I've stood enough—without that misery comin' to me from Christmas!"

Muzzy Rand could not help weeping a little in sympathy with Jeddy's genuine chagrin. She gathered him in her arms. "It's all right, Jeddy, maybe you're right. I'll just dye over the comforters to a nice dark blue—then no ache can come to you from anywhere. You just go out and sweep up the snow from the paths so there won't be so much for you to do in the morning, and by the time you come back I'll have these six strips basted together so I can tell how long they'll make the 'sweater.'"

When Jed came in from digging up the deep snow around the house and to the bend in the hill where their path began, and had broken the ice near the river edge for the two buckets of water they would need for morning, he found the comforters basted, and his mother busy setting dough.

The sight made Jed wrathful. "Seems to me, Muzzy, you might skip Granny Lang's muffins one morning. It's an extra chore for you every night, and a big one for me—getting out of bed an hour earlier and climbing that hill to shovel paths, and to give Granny Sorehead something hot for breakfast. What thanks have you ever got—or me either? All she ever does is to put her head out and grumble because she has to open the door to take 'em in. Says opening the door lets in more cold than she can let out in a week. Makes me feel like I was doing her some dirt instead of a favor."

"I know, Jeddy. That's why she's so let alone. That's why her own folks won't live with her or go near here,—she's so queer and independent. But when you think of her way off that way by herself, and no one to do for her—getting up alone these dreary mornings and not a soul to speak to—and ailing so she can hardly be around, it's so little to do for her

just to run up there and get something warm to her. Make up your mind she's glad to have any kind of a living soul come nigh her. She makes me think of old man Hutchins—dying as he did without a soul to mourn him—not a friend, not a loving thought to follow him in life or death. It seems awful to me Jeddy, with you and your father alive and well and both loving me, and caring for me every minute. I can't think of Granny Lang up there in that shanty of hers all alone. Besides, when I went to see her, she wasn't as snarly as they say she is to most folks."

"Oh, sure! She smelt your muffins."

"Maybe so, Jeddy. I just told her she'd been sort of pining for hot bread mornings, and she set there and cried. 'You're the first to come near me or remember my likes and dislikes for months,' she said, and then went on telling how her own folks had misused her. That's what makes her bitter, you see—a son-in-law got away with all her money, and then wouldn't let her live with 'em because she was so sharp with her tongue—twitting him. I believe some of the temper she shows is just misery, being let alone—and if hot muffin's mornings will ease her pain any, it's a Godsend to be able to send 'em to her."

Jed, as usual, could not dispute his mother's viewpoint, so the case was settled, but the boy unwittingly let himself in for an even more thankless task.

"Talk of pure gall—I can see a mile of mourners traveling after Cliff—when he joins his angel father. There ain't a morning I've been past the Hutchins' house on my way to Granny's that the paths ain't been piled waist high with snow. Before vacation I saw both of Cliff's sisters wading to the gate through big drifts—and Cliff coming in late for school and boasting that he laid abed mornings till just time to eat his breakfast."

Jed's voice had a disgusted sag

that made his mother smile, but Jed went on. "Honest to goodness, I've been almost ashamed to go by that place mornings and see that big house without a path swept around it, and the snow comin' down every day for two weeks."

"What's wrong with the hired man, Jeddy? He used to do all the out-door chores."

"He's been sick every since old man Hutchins died, and the family can't get any one else to take his place."

"That's it, Jeddy. Folks seem to think the Hutchins name stands for stinginess and trickery, and won't go there for any wages. They've had to send away after a Jap cook and their housemaid and chauffeur, and I hear the help are all so independent, knowing the situation, that they do about as they please."

"That chauffeur of theirs had no business going away on a holiday, and leaving that family with Mrs. Hutchins and the out door chore man sick."

"I know, Jeddy, but the family has to treat their help like kings and queens to keep them. It's a shame, too, for they tell me Mrs. Hutchins and her girls are altogether different from Hutchins. I've heard, too, that likely Cliff himself would never have been so mean and high faluting if it hadn't been for his father's example. Did you say they've left those paths for a week?"

"Over. The snow's just fell and froze over and over so it's a wonder those girls could wade through."

"It's a shame the girls have to stand for the shiftlessness of that boy and a crew of impudent servants!"

"I'd have gone and dug out the paths if it hadn't been for Cliff," said Jeddy. "The Hutchins girls ain't half bad—they've always been decent to me."

"Wouldn't it be fine if you could do that for them! You go right past there—and with your shovel, too."

Jeddy's face turned red. "Yes, and have Cliff Hutchins stay in bed and

watch me do it. I guess not. The Rands are just a menagerie to him now—I don't know what he'd fling out if I started doing his dirty work for him."

"It would be hard in a way, Jeddy, but it's harder passing there mornings and seeing them choked paths and the girls wading knee deep."

The red in Jeddy's face deepened. "Suppose I went and shoveled the paths—they'd maybe think I wanted to scrooge some pay for it—that's what old Hutchins always thought if anybody tried to do him a decent turn."

Muzzy Rand's face fell. "That's so, Jeddy—but I don't believe anybody but Cliff has took after him. It's his mother and the girls we've got to consider. Besides, Jeddy, maybe you could do it without anyone knowing. If you could get up a little earlier it would be most dark, nobody might be awake while you do it."

Her tone was almost eager, but Jeddy was righteously rebellious.

"Gee, ma—if you keep on raisin' me up a half hour sooner every week what's the matter my staying up all night?"

"You're right, Jeddy, it ain't fair. But if I were you, as long as you go past there anyway to Granny Lang's, I'd just step in there and do it till folks get well in the house. Sickness makes all those things seem worse, you know. Maybe Cliff would never see you."

"He'd raise from the dead to do it, if he knew I'd be such a fool. Think of me sort of sneaking in there to do it, anyway. They'd likely shoot me for a burglar."

Muzzy laughed, cheerily. "Don't think it, Jeddy. Burglars don't stop to shovel paths to burgle a house."

Jed thought deep and hard for a few moments. It was a big trial to undertake as things stood all round with the Hutchins, but then, as Muzzy said—the girls—

"Ma, if I say I'll do it will you

cross your heart not to tell on me yourself?"

Muzzy made the mystic sign, and followed it with a hug. "I knew you'd do it, Jeddy. You're downing things in your heart like your father is, and it's sure to come out right."

But the next Morning Jeddy rose earlier, in spite of his previous rebellion, for it was a heavy ordeal in itself, to face Cliff's possible banter.

The dusk of morning had not lightened yet when Jed, placing Granny's tin of muffins on the gatepost, slipped through the Hutchins' gate, and began on the path that led to the house. It was no easy task, for the snow had frozen, but Jeddy kept on until he had cleared the path to the front porch. Nervousness kept him from attempting more, and he fairly ran from the Hutchins' place around the two blocks further to Granny's home. It took hardly twenty minutes to slip the tin of muffins through the pantry window, and sweep up the loose snow that had fallen in the path, then he sped home.

Muzzy met him with a face as eager as if some exciting episode had been accomplished. "I can see by your face, Jeddy, it's come out all right."

"It ought to—with me out of bed hardly after six." But his face was bright both with a little excitement and relief, and the exercise that had kept him in a warm glow throughout.

"Gee, Muzzy—that ham and muffins smells good—I can eat tons!"

"It's all hot, Jeddy—and to think of that Hosmer family sharing their ham with us—a present to them, you know—and they made me take half of it. As if the few little bits of sewing I did for their children counted for much as that."

But Jeddy was too much occupied with his piece of crisp ham and warmed up potatoes and hot muffins to answer.

His scheme worked out well, for

the next two mornings, then next day, as he shouldered his shovel after having cleared the path to the porch and around one side of the house, a figure stepped out of the side door. It was Sadie Hutchins, the girl nearest Jed's age.

She ran down the steps Jed had cleared, and caught his arm. "Oh, it's you—I'm so glad. I've woken myself up two mornings trying to find out, but you were away too early. It's splendid of you—and mother—you don't know how she feels. With her and Jake sick, and the other help so independent we felt almost deserted. Why didn't you let us know?"

Jeddy hastily explained his trips to Granny Lang's making very light indeed of his task for the Hutchins. But Sadie said enough to make him feel anything but the embarrassment he had feared at his discovery by any of the Hutchins family.

"Mother knows all about you Rands—she says you're real folks, and she only hopes we can get up into your class some day. She's planning to try it, anyway, and—" But Jed was on his way down the path. Sadie called after him, "It's all right. I understand, Jed—but you're not going to be imposed on any longer. There's a new hired man coming today, and he will take care of everything. We just wanted to find out about this—so we could thank you."

Jed answered her goodbye with relief in his tone that he could not keep out. It was a different, and almost impossible task now that they knew.

He had reached the gate, when he heard a window hastily raised, and Cliff's voice called out. "Lucky the tramps turn up when there's a real job on," he said. "Don't fail to go around to the back door and get a hand-me-out. Maybe the folks will let you eat it in the kitchen."

Jed's face was purple, but remembering his promise to Muzzy Rand, and Sadie's shamed-faced attempt at apology for Cliff's shiftlessness, he

shouldered his shovel and without a word went on his way.

He found his mother in a state of mingled ecstasy and dismay. "Jeddy!" she cried, "your father is on his way home—started before Christmas, to surprise us, but was stopped by a snowslide on the railroad track. He stayed a day or so looking after a man injured in the wreck, but he'll be here New Years. And oh, Jeddy, think of him finding us in this place—he'll know what deceivers we've been. But it can't be helped, Jeddy, and I know he will keep well if we can only keep him from glowering at that Hutchins' cupola."

For the next two days nothing was thought of but John Rand's homecoming—but on New Year's eve, another excitement came up to make Muzzy Rand's face more radiant than ever. It was a call from Mrs. Hutchins, who came over in her car, driven by the recently returned chauffeur. She chatted a half hour with Mrs. Rand, and when she went, left an important looking document in Muzzy's hands. Jeddy came back from coasting just in time to see Mrs. Hutchins drive away at a distance, and found his mother hardly able to speak for joyous tears and excitement.

"It's come, Jeddy! I knew the Lord would work it out all right! It's the deeds for that new little bungalow Martin Hutchins built on the far side of his lot, intending to rent it. Mrs. Hutchins has deeded it to us. And oh, Jeddy, it's all furnished, everything you can think of spick and span new. Mrs. Hutchins says she's begged her husband time and again to let your Pa have that bungalow when it was finished or else pay him back his money, and all Pa's paid out for sickness here. But he wouldn't give up till just before the end, then he said enough to let her know it would be all right. It was only her being sick kept her from getting things straightened up before Christmas. But Jeddy, she says it was your

showing that good spirit and making 'em realize that there was somebody in town not holding bad feelings towards 'em all that helped to get her out of bed, and to hurry things up about the bungalow. You see, she was so sort of heartsick over her husband dying that way almost without friends, and the help acting like emperors in the house, and everything else that she hardly had the courage to take hold of things.

"And oh, Jeddy!—think of it—Mrs. Hutchins wants your Pa to take a steady job helping her with her accounts. You know she hasn't a soul to look after her affairs, and she has been hearing fine things about your father, how smart he is at figures, and that he even read law some. She says above all she knows he's honest—and that's what she needs more than anything—some one to be at her right hand that won't cheat or impose on her."

"We're going to be up there on the hill, Jeddy, in that new home, when your father comes—he needn't ever come near the river unless he likes. He'll be here at noon, tomorrow, Jeddy, and before that time we'll have all our stuff here that I don't give away afloat down river. Our little furniture here will fit out that Cox family first rate until they can buy better; and oh, Jeddy, your sled—"

But Jeddy was turning handsprings around the room like mad, and so Muzzy Rand said nothing more. But on New Year's morning the new, dark blue runner was the first thing that met Jeddy's dazed eyes.

"I bought it the day I knew your father was coming," said Muzzy, "for his letter said to make up to you for all he couldn't get you on Christmas. No more burro business, Jeddy, and saw nox llet tupid I tetha 'appes 'yo that Mrs. Hutchins said that Cliff's had such a lesson already and more threatened from that path affair, that he's almost a new creature. She says

his meanness is just from example. not blood, and when she showed him just what his schoolmates and the rest of the town would think of his part in that Christmas week's darkness for that family, he just about caved in and cried.

Jed smiled back into her beaming face. "Cliff was on the hill coasting today for the first time since that morning, and Muzzy, he took back almost everything he's ever said or done. I thought first he was faking—but he made me know it was a sure thing."

"I can float the burro down the river, now, Muzzy. Cliff's hinted so many times the town would set aside a celebration day if I would."

"Maybe you'd better, Honey. I'd hate to give it away to the Cox children for fear it might throw them, to say nothing of their getting splinters in their hands." So Jeddy took the sled of many sorrows and floated it down stream.

Before noon, Mrs. Hutchins' car came for them, and with their clothes and a few other belongings they wanted with them tucked away in the big tonneau, Muzzy Rand and Jed were driven to their new home.

From its door they hailed John Rand, and the few hours that followed could not have been beaten for joy in any New Year's gathering in the land.

Just before dark, Jeddy strolled down to the gate, and turning suddenly, saw Cliff Hutchins standing outside.

"I wanted to come over, Jed, and tell you I'm mighty glad you're our neighbors. It's gong to make a better year for us all having you here."

"It sure will be fine—living on the hill," replied Jed, flushing a little at Cliff's changed attitude.

"You Rands have always lived there, in a way," said Cliff. "It's some of us Hutchins have been in the swamps. But we're going to try and climb up—and live there both ways."



The Seven Merry Elves

By Minnie Tarr Miller

"Hi! Ho! North Wind, wait a minute and give us a ride," cried the Seven Merry Elves gaily as the North Wind came whisking briskly by their cavern in the hillside. So North Wind slowed his six milk-white steeds to a walk while the Elves raced down the hillside and clambered into his chariot which was chipped out of a huge block of ice in the shape of a fluffy white cloud.

As soon as the Seven Merry Elves had settled themselves in the billowy cushions of Old North Wind's luxurious chariot, North Wind whistled loud and long to his six milk-white steeds and away they went, with their little hoofs clinking over the stones and gravel. North Wind whistled an ear-splitting tune as they rattled through the caves, and grottoes and the groves of towering pines on the mountain side, while the Seven Merry Elves chattered and laughed, and clung to the sides of the chariot when they whirled madly around the peaks and crags.

"Let's chase the clouds!" cried the Seven Merry Elves, and North Wind whipped up his steeds and mounted up, and up, and up, into the blue black clouds above, where they spent a lively time chasing them across the sky until the foam and froth dripped from North Wind's six milk-white steeds, and the people on earth said it was snowing big snowflakes. Then North Wind said he must rest his steeds awhile and asked the Seven Merry Elves where they would like to get off.

"Oh, take us to the little gray dwarf's home" they said, so North Wind went, now slowly, now fast—

down-down-down-until Old Mother Earth rose up to meet them with a little puff of powdery dust from the roadside, then along the road sped the milk-white steeds, rearing and plunging at each stump and stone they sighted along the way.

"Oh, thank you, kind North Wind, here we are," cried the Seven Merry Elves as they came in sight of a monstrous oak decked in all the colors of the rainbow.

"Who-oo-oo?" asked the watchman in his lookout tower on the topmost branch of the gorgeous old oak where the gray dwarf lived.

"U-oo-oo-oo!" answered North Wind as he brought his foaming steeds to a standstill close to the gaunt roots of the oak, and brought out from under his billowy seat six fluffy blankets whipped from a cloud to cover his steeds with while they rested a bit and watched the antics of the Merry Elves as they jumped from branch to branch and swung, now up, now down, chattering and laughing together like so many magpies out for a lark.

Suddenly a little gray head peered out from the half open door. It was the little gray dwarf looking out to see who was making such a racket and commotion about his house. He spied the Seven Merry Elves making themselves at home in the branches of his old oak tree.

"Get out of here, you rascals!" he shouted, shaking a withered little fist up at the Seven Merry Elves laughing saucily down at him from above.

"Who-oo-oo?" asked the watchman standing on one foot and blinking his eyes sleepily in the sunshine.

"U-oo-U-oo!" answered the North Wind, whistling so briskly that the

old oak tree's branches waved and clashed together in midair.

"Who-oo-oo?" asked the watchman again, turning his wise old head from side to side and keeping one eye open a fraction of a second longer than the other.

"U-oo-oo-oo!" answered the North Wind stamping and blustering about so that the timid leaves scuttled around in fear.

"What do you mean, cluttering my yard up so?" yelled the little gray dwarf, dashing out of the door and up to Old North Wind. Grabbing the edge of North Wind's ermine mantle and jerking it madly, he shouted: "You old blunderbuss! You old blunderbuss!"

"Who-oo-oo?" asked the watchman shifting to his other foot, as a naughty Elf plucked a long feather from his tail and stuck it in the tip-top of his own peaked, red cap.

"U-U-oo-oo!" answered the North Wind, jerking his mantle from the little gray dwarf's long, bony fingers; and, whisking the fluffy blankets from his milk-white steeds, he jumped into his billowy chariot, gave an ear-splitting whistle and away they dashed up the road and over the hilltop.

At that the Seven Merry Elves laughed loud and long and turned hand-springs, seven at a time without stopping, along the old oak's huge branches. They jumped, and they laughed, and threw acorns down at the little gray dwarf who was dancing about below, shaking his fist at them and calling them names.

"Let's take a coast!" cried the Seven Merry Elves, as the old gray dwarf stamped into his house and slammed the door when he found he could not drive them away.

So each Merry Elf chose a leaf to coast upon. One chose a green leaf, one chose a brown, one chose a red, another chose a yellow, and another chose a speckled leaf; another a

red and green one, and another a brown and red one, then—"One, two, three—Go!" shouted the eldest Merry Elf and all seven leaves, each with a Merry Elf sitting upon it, coasted from the topmost branch down through the air and onto the ground.

"Oh! but that was fun!" cried the Seven Merry Elves, and they coasted and coasted until nearly all the leaves were gone from the tree.

"Let's roll them up the road!" said the Seven Merry Elves, so each took a big leaf and ran a race to see which one would roll his leaf to the turn in the road first, but that was hard work and they soon tired of the game.

"Let's make a call on old Gray Squirrel?" they said, and all scampered merrily back to the little gray dwarf's home and climbed hastily up the oak's trunk to get out of reach of the little gray dwarf's stick with which he was trying to chase them away. They gave seven little raps at a little round door, and in a minute old Gray Squirrel opened it a crack and peered out. When he saw who was there he opened the door wide and invited them in, and when they had seated themselves on seven little chairs, sitting in a row, he called to his wife to serve them some toasted acorns, which she did while chattering gayly of this and that.

The Seven Merry Elves were much refreshed with the toasted acorns, and, as soon as they had exchanged all the news of the neighborhood with their hospitable friends, they went out with Mr. Gray Squirrel and helped him fill his cellar with acorns fresh from the tree. They plucked and they rolled, and they pulled and they pushed, until every sweet acorn from the old oak tree was in Mr. and Mrs. Gray Squirrel's cellar waiting for the long weary months to close in upon them.

Just as they finished putting the last acorn in place and was pushing the cellar door shut, Old North Wind came

rushing back again whistling a livelier tune than ever before.

"Hi! Ho! North Wind, wait a minute and we'll go along, too!" cried the Seven Merry Elves. So North Wind slowed his six milk-white steeds to a walk until the elves had all climbed aboard and settled deep in the billowy cushions, then up and away they went, speeding through the valleys and canyons at a lively pace until they reached the tallest mountain peaks where the snow was falling thick and fast, and the Seven Merry Elves begged the North Wind to stop a minute and let them play in the thick white drifts lying among the rocks. The North Wind tethered his six milk-white steeds and sat down on a stone to watch the Elves awhile. The Seven Merry Elves hunted high, and they hunted low, for some fun to find, then they saw a dark hole in a cliff from which came deep snores.

"Hi! Ho! What fun to tickle old bear's nose!" they cried. No sooner 'twas said than done. The Seven Merry Elves each took a leaf and droppd it on the old bear's nose. "Gr-rr-rr!" snored old bear, half asleep and dreaming that the leaves were bees trying to sting him as he stole their honey. Then the Seven Merry Elves each took a twig and dropped it on old bear's nose. "Gr-rr-rr-rr!" snarled old bear waking up and rubbing his nose, wondering why it itched. The Seven Merry Elves laughed aloud to see him gazing sleepily about. Then old bear saw them and roared, "Git! You little rascals!" and lumbered toward the saucy Elves who danced away to the waiting chariot like so many leaves before the wind, and the old bear snuggled down in his warm nest and went to sleep again.

North Wind cracked his whip, which was a long icicle, over the backs of his six milk-white steeds, and away they went chasing everything before them, until North Wind drew up short at the foot of the long curving road leading up to the Seven Merry Elves' cheery

cavern, lying snuggly in the hillside. Out jumped the Seven Merry Elves shouting, "Many thanks," to North Wind as they sped up the road and into their cheery cavern. North Wind waited until he saw seven little candles twinkling in the windows of the cavern, then he whistled an ear-splitting whistle and the milk-white steeds reared and snorted, and plunged into the snow-covered valley below.

A Fairy Tale

By Leah Brown

Ellen was cross. Perhaps she had had an awful dream, or climbed out of the wrong side of bed. At any rate when she entered the kitchen one beautiful summer morning a cloud covered her face. At everything she was told to do she frowned and grumbled until at last, taking her to the door, her mother said: "You may go into the back woods and live with the fairies until you can wear a pleasant smile again."

Ellen walked along wondering what kind of homes the fairies had and how she would find them. She wandered through the wood until she became very tired, but no fairies had she found. Fairly disgusted with her search she sat down to rest. Her face was still covered with clouds which seemed to grow heavier every minute. At last she was aroused by the sweetest voice she had ever heard. When she looked up she saw a beautiful fairy dressed in a gown of snowy white with a crown of sparkling diamonds about her head.

"What is the matter, Ellen?" asked the Fairy, "You look sad."

Ellen tried to hide her face; she felt so full of shame she dared not look up.

"Ellen dear," said the fairy again, "tell me what is the matter. I have come to help you."

"I'm tired," said Ellen trying to

smile a little, but she knew from the look on the Fairy's face that she knew the truth.

"Come with me," said the Fairy. "My home is full of happiness."

Eagerly Ellen arose and, taking the Fairy's hand, they walked along together.

"Now," said the Fairy as they approached the fairy home, "there are many things to do, but every one who enters must take her part willingly for it is *The Home of Happiness*. Do you think you can remember?"

"Oh yes, dear Fairy," she said quickly, for she was beginning to feel quite at home with her new friend. As she walked along she wondered what kind of work would be done in the fairy home. "Well, whatever it is," she smiled to herself, "it will be almost like playing," and she wondered how many fairy children she would find to play with.

Soon they reached the door and Ellen looked about eagerly at her new home. But her eyes rested on some dishes piled on the table waiting to be washed, for the Fairy had been called away to perform some duty before her work was completed. A frown crept over her face but when the Fairy whispered, "*A Home of Happiness*," she quickly remembered and, looking up into the Fairy's face, she asked brightly:

"May I wash them? I would like to so much."

Ellen lived with the Fairy a long time and learned to be very pleasant and happy. She even learned to enjoy washing dishes and sweeping floors. But best of all was the time she spent with the fairies learning to do the many little things they did to make others happy. There was never time to be idle there and the more she did the happier she became. But one day when the Fairy came into her room she found Ellen sobbing.

"Why Ellen, what is the matter?" she asked kindly.

"I want to go home," she sobbed. "Oh, if I could only see mother and put my arms about her neck again I would never, never be cross or make her sad."

"Would you always try to make your home as happy as you have made mine?" asked the Fairy.

"Yes, dear Fairy, I shall do my best to make my home *A Home of Happiness*, and mother shall be my fairy queen," said Ellen as she wiped away her tears.

"All right, you may go," said the Fairy, and she waved her fairy wand. As she did so the white robe was changed to a simple house dress, and Ellen found herself in her own home folded close to her mother's breast. She was now very happy, and as she kissed her mother over and over again she softly whispered:

"No fairy could be sweeter than you, mother."

A Prayer

By B. Glen Smith

Oh, help us Lord, Thy will to do,
Thy holy ways to live;
Remember us in sin and strife;
Our grievous faults forgive.

We know that we are mortals weak,
And often do what's wrong;
But Heavenly love can win us yet
To Jesus' happy throng.

Teach us, O Lord, Thy faultless plan
Of pure, eternal life.
The plan our Sav'or brought to earth
To lessen meanly strife.

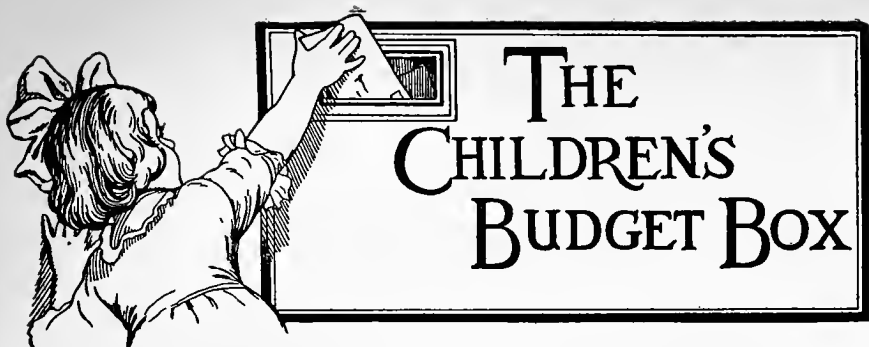
We need Thy tender watchful care
To lead us in life's way;
We feel we need Thy presence, Lord,
Oh, help us day by day.



SOMETHING TO COLOR

By J. A. Bywater

Background light yellow. Face of "Father Time" light pink, robe purple. Face and body of "1923" light pink. Figures "1923" purple, pennant white. Framework on "Hour glass brown. Stool brown. Figures on clock dial purple. Balance of picture white.



The Budget Box is written entirely by children under seventeen years of age. To encourage them, the "Juvenile Instructor" offers book prizes for the following:

Best original verses of not to exceed twenty lines.

Best original stories of not to exceed three hundred words.

Best amateur photographs, any size.

Best original drawings, black and white.

Every contribution must bear the name, age and address of the sender, and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written on one side of the paper only. Drawings must be black and white on plain white paper, and must not be folded.

Address: The Children's Budget Box, "Juvenile Instructor," 47 East South Temple Street. Salt Lake City, Utah.

Gathering Wild Raspberries

Two families of us decided to go into the Porcupine Hills of the Canadian Rockies for wild raspberries. We left in the afternoon and got there just as the sun was going down behind the mountains. Then we put the tent up and made our beds. After that we had supper. Then we made a big camp fire and enjoyed the wonderful mountain air before retiring to our beds for the night.

The next morning we rose early, took our lunch, and started off picking berries for the day. We drove about four miles farther into the mountains. Our mothers and fathers went picking them and left all the kiddies under the great tall pines, to play and take care of little brother Don.

Early in the afternoon we would go to camp. On the way to camp there was an old sawdust pile where a saw-mill used to be. We kiddies would get barefooted and play in the sawdust pile, then go and wash out feet in the creek. When we got to camp our mothers would put up the fruit. One

evening papa caught some nice trout for our supper.

After staying nearly a week we came home rejoicing over our lovely berries and thinking of the good time we had had.

Lucile Stanford,

Age 9.

Stavelly, Alberta, Canada.

My Baby Brother

I have a baby brother

He is just a tiny one;

He looks just like his father

And he always sucks his thumb.

He has ten tiny little toes,

And two big shiny blue eyes;

He has the cutest little nose

And he's always looking wise.

Mother likes him very much,

And so does brother Dean;

Sister says he's awful cute,

And I think the world of him.

He's a little bit of Heaven

Sent down to bless our home,

And we are happy all day long

Because he's our very own.

Gladys Sweat,

Age 12.

Center Ward, Utah.

The Maoris of New Zealand

A few years ago my father was called on a mission to New Zealand, and as it would be an interesting trip, my father and mother decided to take us children.

The trip on the train from Salt Lake to Seattle took three days. The route lay through the farming districts of Utah and Idaho and the lumbering camps of Washington and Oregon.

We took the boat from Seattle to New Zealand. The stopping places were Honolulu, where we got off the boat and took a drive through the country, and again at Fiji Islands where the boys of Fiji would dive into the ocean after money which had been thrown in.

Arriving at New Zealand the boat landed at Auckland. From there we went to Hastings where the Maori Agriculture College is. This institution is a "Mormon" school and teaches the Maori boys how to farm, teaches them the Gospel and many other subjects which are taught in our high schools and colleges of Utah. Semi-annually a Hui Tau or conference would be held in an enormous tent. At a Hui Tau you would see two Maoris rubbing their noses together. Queer as it may seem, it was their method of shaking hands.

Upon the arrival of a new elder at one of their villages, a tangi would go on. They would sit on the ground and make a noise as if weeping. This was a welcome for the newcomers.

Not all the people of New Zealand are Maoris, only about one third are, but the Maoris make a settlement together.

The chief occupations of the Maoris are fishing, hunting, and a little agriculture. They weave warm blankets, working in the design shells, feathers

and pieces of wool. Some of the Maoris are well educated and rich.

Leona Holbrook,
Age 13. 1163 Laird Ave., S. L. City.



Photo by Mabel Howard
396 S. 2nd West Street,
Age 14 Nephi, Utah.

The Unlucky Turkey

Three days before Thanksgiving the largest turkey on the Jackson farm called his barnyard friends together and said, "Thanksgiving will soon be here and I am going to leave you then. Yesterday I heard Mrs. Jackson say, 'We want to largest turkey because we are going to have all of Uncle —somebody's folks here for dinner.' Since then we turkeys have been sizing up and I am the largest one, so I guess my time has come. I do not want to die but I will if it will make somebody happy."

When Thanksgiving Day came, Mr. Jackson killed the turkey and took it to Lizzie, the cook, who immediately stripped the feathers off and put him in the oven to roast.

After dinner Lizzie took the scraps from the table and gave them to the chickens. But they never once realized they were eating the remains of their old friend, the turkey.

Ronald Allred,
Age 12. Fairview, Wyoming

fire we had and mother and I both felt as if it was because I prayed that all of these blessings came to us."

Lurell D. Jones,
Age 11 Malad City, Idaho

Thanksgiving and Prayer

All of the family were seated around the fire after a hearty Thanksgiving dinner.

"Oh, Grandpa, tell us a story," all of the children cried.

"What kind of a story would you like? A Thanksgiving story about me?" asked grandpa.

"Yes, yes," they all cried.

"Well," began grandpa, "It was just about Thanksgiving. We lived in a little town not far from here, which is now a large city.

"We didn't have hardly a crumb of bread in the house or anything to eat. Mother said she was afraid that we couldn't have any Thanksgiving that year, but I told her not to worry for I'd see about it. That night when I went to bed I asked our Heavenly Father to send us some food that we might have a Thanksgiving dinner. The next day was the day before Thanksgiving. About noon we heard a knock at our door. It surprised us for we never had many visitors. My mother went to the door. It was a kind lady with a large basket of pies, cakes, cookies, and everything good to eat, besides six loaves of fresh bread and two pounds of butter.

"When Thanksgiving day came mother was just getting dinner when my grandma from Salt Lake came in with a turkey all ready to cook. Mother hurried and cooked it with the little



Drawing by R. Gottschalk
Lothinger Strasse 102,
Basel, Switz.

A Coyote's Love

My papa and Uncle Henry were going fishing to Utah Lake, and they saw two large coyotes wandering through the fields. They watched them for a while and saw that one of them was carrying something. It came to a large stream of water and laid it down. Then my papa could see it was a baby coyote. She could not jump across with it in her mouth, so she crossed the stream without it and tried to find a better place to get it over. Uncle Henry and papa started to go where it was when the big coyotes ran away through the fields.

When they picked the baby coyote up it was all wet and cold. The mama and papa coyotes were hunting a new home for their babies because the high waters had driven them out.

Uncle Henry took it home and kept it over night. The next day we went

to see it and I held it in my lap and it would curl up and go to sleep.

Papa and Uuncle Henry gave it to the Springville Game Farm. It got so naughty with the chickens and ducks that they sent it up to Salt Lake to a park.

Age 9. Lucile Houtz,
Mapleton, Utah.

Carry Me Back to Dear Old Dixie

Tune, "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia."

Carry me back to Dear Old Dixie.

There's where the melons, grapes
and pomegranates grow.

There's where the birds warble sweet
in the orchards,

There's where this young, loyal
heart has longed to go.

Chorus

Dixie's the place that I long to return
to,

Dixie's the one place that holds all
charm for me.

Where'er I roam I e'er long to return
to

My Dear Old Dixie, that home so
dear to me.

Carry me Back to Dear Old Dixie;

There's where the peaches, apples,
and the almonds grow.

There's where the birds warble sweet
in the vineyards.

There's where this young, loyal
heart had longed to go.

Carry me back to Dear Old Dixie;

There's where the pears, the figs,
and the plumcots grow.

There's where the squash ripens quick
in the autumn.

There's where this young loyal
heart has longed to go.

Age 14 Nellie G. McArthur
Box 205, St. George, Utah.

Just Our Baby

Muzzer's dot a baby,
Little bit sy sing;
Sink I most could put him
Through my rubber ring.

He's very, very tiny,
His head is very small;
Muzzer won't let me pack him,
Just for fear he'll fall.

Age 10 Alta Fisher,
Oxford, Idaho.

Honorable Mention

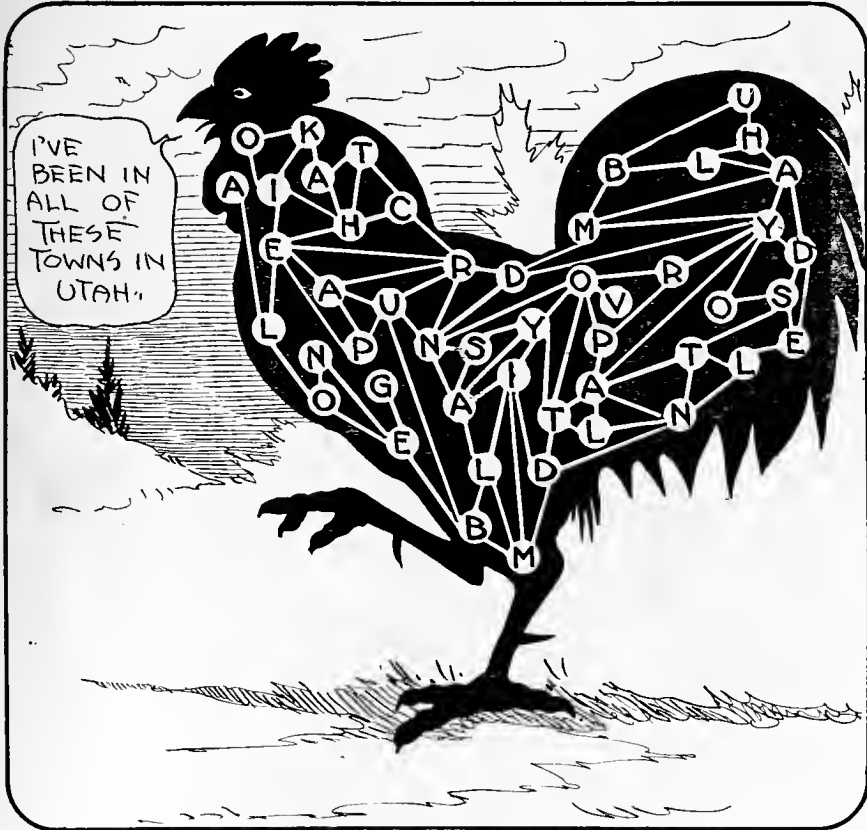
Clora Barker, Escalante, Utah.
Norma Bingham Provo Utah
Valien Bowen Collinston, Utah
Ella Boyce, Salt Lake City, Utah
Elva Brown, Murray, Utah.
Dora Bybee, West Point, Utah
Bernice Cahoon, Almo, Idaho
Eliza Carpenter, Bloomington, Utah
May Christensen, Byron, Wyoming
Garland Christiansen, Ontario, Oregon
Ardes Christiansen, Mayfield, Utah
Lucile Cowley, Venice, Utah
Sterling Crandall, Springville, Utah
Ina Danielsen, Lewiston, Utah
Arthella Farr, Tucson, Arizona
Gwenever Fuhrman, Ridgedale, Idaho
Ora Griggs, Driggs, Idaho
Alma Gyri, Midvale Utah
Grace Hall Washington Utah
Priscilla Hall, Washington, Utah
Ireta Hansen, Sandy, Utah
Sarah Henderson, Bristol, Florida
Doris Holmes, Pocatello, Idaho
Wanda Hulsey, Luna, New Mexico
Earl Ipson, Lincoln, Nebraska
Nellie Iverson, Mt. Trumbull, Arizona
May Jensen, Hyrum, Utah
Everett Johnson, San Pedro, California
Donald Lechtenberg, Lund, Idaho
Clara McCaffrey, Muncie, Indiana
Geraldine McCaffrey, Muncie, Indiana
Verona Merrill, Warren, Arizona
Claude Nelson, Genola, Utah
Roland Nelson, Genola, Utah
Brigham J. Olsen, College Ward, Utah
Clifton Passey, Provo, Utah
Madalynn Peterson, Welling, Alberta
Canada
Lois Peterson, Garland, Utah
Inez Rice, Huntington, West Virginia
Chester Robinson Paragoonah, Utah
Alice Sorensen Ogden Utah

Georgia Thomas, Ucon, Idaho
 Edna Thimas, Ridgedale, Idaho
 Ellen Ward, Richfield, Utah
 Marion Weekes, Victor, Idaho

Blanche Weight, Springville, Utah
 Mary Welling, Brigham City, Utah
 Bernice Winjenried, Byron, Wyoming
 Oren Zufelt, Moab, Utah

MR. ROOSTER'S TRAVELS

BY WALTER WELLMAN




Mr. Rooster has been sold and resold dozens of times, and you are to find a list of some of the towns in which he has resided. You can start with any letter, and proceed along any path to another letter and so on. See how many towns in Utah you can make out this way.







Prizes of books will be given to the first ten of those under seventeen who correctly solve the above puzzle, and send us the best original photograph, article or poem on any subject. Answers must be in by February 1, 1923. Address Puzzle Editor, *Juvenile Instructor*, Room 202, L. D. S. Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.






PINKY-WINKY STORIES








CLIP! clap! went the , and lo,
and behold, a Pinky-Winky Pitcher!

Pinky and Winky were the two dear
little twin   at Sunnyhill.




 wore a  on the left side
of her head, and  wore a bow on the right side of
her head, and that was the way Uncle Billy told them
apart. When  cut pretty things out of white
paper, he always called them "Pinky-Winky" things,
because they were cut out to please the  .

"The Pinky-Winky , " said Uncle Billy, " was
a plump little blue and white , and it belonged
to a plump little  with a blue and white 
on her head and a string of blue  round her neck.

The  was busy from morning till
night, carrying water from the ,
and milk from the , and cider made
of sweet red  from the .

But, dear dear! it was a naughty little








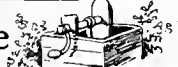



, and pouted because it had so much to do. 'I
am tired,' it said, 'of going to the  for water
and to the  for milk and to the  for cider!








I should like to be the  that hangs in the . Then I could keep quiet all day long.'



Such a bad little Pinky-Winky Pitcher!" said . "Now one day the plump little  took the Pitcher to the  for water, and her plump little  slipped, and down went the , splash,

dash, into the ! Oh, how dark it was down there, and how cold the water felt! 'If I could only see the  shine and hear the little  laugh once more,' cried the sorry little , 'Oh, what a good, good little Pitcher I would be!' Then the

plump little girl's papa came and leaned over the , and caught the handle of the Pitcher with his  and pulled. And up it came, all safe, except for one big nick in the edge,---like this." Clip! clap!

went the , and there was the  with the nick in the edge. "The nick helped it to remember," said . "And



you never in your life saw anything any better than the Pinky-Winky Pitcher was ever afterwards!"



THE FUNNY BONE

Strong

Husband—Did you ever notice, my dear, that a loud talker is generally an ignorant person?

Wife—Well, you needn't shout so; I am not deaf.—Buffalo Express.

In the Restaurant

Diner—This ham's bad!

Waitress—Rubbish, it was only cured last week.

Diner—Well, it must have had a relapse!

Back to Normalcy

"Look pleasant, please," said the photographer to his (more or less) fair sitter. Click! "It's all over, ma'am, You may resume your natural expression."—Cleveland Leader.

Oh, Jack!

"I think Jack's real mean."

"Why?"

"He wrote to Gladys from Florida he shot an alligator six feet long and if he was lucky enough to get another he'd have a pair of slippers made for her."

A Delightful Remedy

"I'm worried about my complexion, doctor; look at my face."

"My dear young lady, you'll have to diet."

"Oh, I never thought of that! What color do you think would suit me best?"—London Mail.

Mistaken Identity

Two women who were riding a street-car were discussing their favorite operas, and as the conductor approached to take their fares, one of the women, handing him her fare, remarked, "I simply adore Carmen!"

Blushing at the roots of his hair, the embarrassed conductor replied, "Try the motorman, madam; he's a single man."

A Milk Shake

Waiter (at Grab and Grunt)—Milk or water?

Customer—Don't tell me please; let me guess.—Gargolye.

Yes, Yes?

He—What beautiful arms you have.

She—Yes, I got them playing baseball.

He—Do you ever play football?
—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A Color Scheme

Laura—Liza, what fo' you buy dat odder box of shoe blackin'?

Liza—Go on, niggah, dat ain't shoe blackin'; dats mah massage cream.—The Wallop.

No Goods Returned

Johnnie was much disappointed that the new baby was a girl. "Why don't you exchange her for a boy?" a friend of the family asked him.

"It's too late," he replied, "we've used her four days."

Reciprocity

"I think, dear," said Mrs. Grabbit, "I'll ask the people next door to share our Christmas dinner."

"Why?" asked her husband.

"Well, the man left their turkey here by mistake, and it seems only fair."—London Tit-Bits.

Questionable Ownership

Slater was absorbed in the evening's paper when his young son's crying disturbed him.

"What is the child howling for, now?" he demanded irritably.

"He want's his own way," said Mrs. Slater.

"Well," argued Slater absent-mindedly, as his eye fell on a particularly interesting item, "if it's his, why don't you let him have it?"—Boston Globe.

What the Union Pacific has Done for Utah

(1) It has established general offices in Salt Lake City and is the only important steam line having general offices in Utah.

(2) It built the first railroad into the state and acquired, maintained and improved the Utah Central, first line into Salt Lake City.

(3) It employs 5,000 persons in Utah.

Annual payroll....\$7,488,125.95

Taxes paid in 1921 996,560.23

Rents paid in 1921 77,794.72

Total\$8,562,480.90

Included in the 1921 taxes were inheritance taxes paid to the state by stockholders of the Union Pacific, \$71,774.91. Since the incorporation of the Union Pacific inheritance taxes on its stock have been paid to the state amounting to \$1,900,000, a part of which was used in building the State Capitol.

By far the greater part of the expenditures for wages and supplies have found their way into Utah's factories, stores and other establishments.

(4) The headquarters for the Dining Car and Hotel Departments are in Ogden, where commissary supplies for the entire system are purchased.

(5) The Union Pacific has expended not less than \$500,000 in the last ten years in advertising Utah. This advertising has been in the form of newspaper displays, illustrated lectures, descriptive folders, booklets and leaflets.

Every advertisement of Yellowstone Park and the Western Entrance bears reference to Salt Lake City or Ogden or Utah. Ninety per cent of the travelers who enter

Yellowstone Park over the Union Pacific rails visit Ogden or Salt Lake City or both. Every through traveler to Southern California is urged to stop in Utah.

(6) The free Ogden-Salt Lake City side trip was established by the Union Pacific System. This side trip was not abolished by the Union Pacific, but was discontinued under Government Control. The Union Pacific was not inimical to its reestablishment, and was the first to reinstate it.

(7) The Union Pacific Purchasing Agent in Salt Lake buys material and supplies in large quantities from Utah's mines manufacturers and merchants. In the first eight months of 1922 the gross value of Union Pacific purchases from concerns located in Utah, or maintaining offices in the state aggregated \$4,982,732.

(8) At Ogden are the headquarters of the Gunn Supply Co., which furnishes the section labor and commissary supplies to maintenance of way employees. That company, in the year ending September 30, 1922, made total purchases of \$325,999.42. Its total payroll was \$91,152.84.

(9) The Union Pacific is now committed to a program of development of the industrial and scenic resources of southern Utah, involving the expenditure of approximately \$5,000,000. The plans include construction of the Delta-Fillmore and the Lund-Cedar City branch lines, the former being already under way; the taking over of the Cedar City Hotel, the construction of hotels at Zion National Park and Bryce Canyon. The construction of branch lines with all their appurtenances and requirements will involve the expenditure of about \$3,000,000. The total hotel program now practically decided upon will mean an expenditure of some \$2,000,000, making a grand total of \$5,000,000.

What the Union Pacific has done it will continue to do—assist the communities along its lines to grow and prosper. It is a matter of record that no line has ever come under the control of the Union Pacific which has not been improved in facilities and service to the public.

We shall furnish additional information from time to time

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1922 Fall and Winter 1923

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H32—Light weight, bleached cotton..... **1.50**
H33—Medium weight, unbleached cotton... **1.85**
H34—Medium weight, bleached cotton..... **1.90**
H35—Heavy weight, unbleached cotton..... **2.10**
H36—Heavy weight, bleached cotton..... **2.15**
H37—Lisle, Mercerized, Special for ladies... **2.85**
H39—Part wool, medium weight..... **4.00**
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611—Heavy weight bleached Cotton..... **2.00**
711—Extra heavy unbleached Cotton..... **2.35**
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